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Feature Detective Story

The Wolf

by Katherine Stagg

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Please Take Notice

DOUR attention is called to the fact that we were very fortunate in getting a batch of wonderful stories for the next number of this magazine. They are among the most interesting ever written, and are going to give you a great deal of pleasure when reading them.

The feature story, entitled "The Brass Button," was written by your old favorite Jack Bechdolt. It is a mighty interesting detective story full of exciting incidents, and has a very mysterious plot. The interest will grip your attention in the beginning and hold it until you have read the very last sentence. Don't miss this story for anything. It is full of good, snappy detective work.

Laura Reid Montgomery is one of the best and most prolific writers in the field of literature. No doubt our readers have read her stories in other magazines. She has contributed a short serial, to be issued in two parts. It is called "The Room Without Windows," and the first part will appear in our next number. Read it. It's a treat.

Among the short stories we have one from Donald George McDonald, entitled "Detective Ficks—Art Lover." This sketch is a gem of purely the detective type, full of romance and keen police practise.

Another sketch that will rivet your interest is "You Can Get Away With It," by Carl Glick. A better story never was written. Then we will have "The Powers That Prey," a powerful yarn of the underworld, by Edgar Daniel Kramer. The story by Hamilton Craigie is called "Inside Dope." It is the very best story ever written for us by this popular author and we cannot urge you too strongly to read it if you wish to enjoy yourself.

Our next scientific article by Russell Raymond Voorhees is an explanation of the method of reading character by the handwriting. He calls it Graphology. If a person's writing is a true index of the writer's character, our readers will certainly find no end of amusement by trying the rules laid down by the author. And the science of graphology may have its serious uses too.

No. 109, out May 15th, is going to contain a large number of short articles on various subjects. Some of them will surprise you. We have no space to mention them here, but when you get your next copy of this magazine we are sure you'll be more than pleased with it.

THE EDITOR.

The WOLF

by

Katherine Stagg

CHAPTER ONE

SLIGHT and graceful as a reed, but with a suggestion of poise and power quite unusual in such a young girl, Sylvia Gray stood in front of a particularly opulent-looking delicatessen store and gazed wistfully at the display of chickens, turkeys, cakes, and tiers of gorgeous fruits in glass jars, not to mention a dozen other tempting good things.

Truth to tell, both purse and stomach were empty, and Sylvia was rather at her wits' end. Lively wits they were, too, which had found various ways to help out her tiny income from home, by means of which she was studying for grand opera.

Her people had very little in the old, dearly loved, shabby house on the hillside in far-off California, but it was unselfishly spared and lovingly sent the first of each month.

There was one somewhat devious way that she would have hated to tell them about at home. It was perfectly honest and honorable, but just one of those things they would not have thought it possible for a lady to do; and "lady" was a word still treasured in their vocabulary.

Some months before she had accidentally stumbled into the job of helping Detective Arundel Marvin in unraveling the mystery of John Scott's murder, and had received half of a substantial reward.

It was exciting work, but it went a little against the grain, so she had not followed up that success, although Marvin, a very well-known private detective, had urged her to do so.

Now it was a full week before she could expect the next installment of her money from home, and just what to do she did not know. Everything cost so much, and there were so many things that a girl needed. Unskilled labor glutted the market, and her hopes of a big future kept her from cheapening herself by singing in cabarets. Even with an assumed name, Sylvia's style was so marked, with her raven hair and her large smoke-gray eyes, that she knew any disguise would be futile. Personality is a fine asset, but it dowers its owner with risks that a more ordinary type escapes.

Sylvia had posed for magazine illustrators a few times, but no call for her services had lately been made. She hated to ask for the work—there was something so very personal about it. But something had to be done, so she looked in her little bag for the address of one with whom she felt less shyness than she would feel appealing to an entire stranger.

She glanced at the lonesome dime in the side

pocket of her tiny purse, marched into a drug-store, and called up a number quickly as possible lest she would lose her courage.

Gramercy 7 responded at once, and to her timid inquiry said that he might have use for her; to call about two o'clock. She was about to ring off, after thanking Orrin Durant, the artist, whose voice came pleasantly over the wire, when he called "Hello" again and added that he would have to go out on some business, and would leave the key on a hook at the right of the door in case she got there before he returned.

Again thanking him, she rang off with a sigh of relief. An hour's work meant enough money for food for two days, and if he should want her for longer it would be almost enough to make the whole week safe.

The Wolf of Want, who lurks around the corner for every struggler, could be laughed away once more, and Sylvia tossed her pretty head with the gay and dauntless courage of youth.

So she almost ran to her small room, and went hurriedly through the mysterious rites with which beauty enhances itself for any particular occasion.

Orrin Durant was a gentleman, at any rate, and she need not fear any unpleasant advances such as she had experienced a couple of times when she had recourse to posing. This time she was safe and sure, so she caroled a song as she climbed the stairs to his studio.

Half-way up she almost stumbled over a small boy huddled up like a kitten and hugging a big picture-book. She had seen him before and knew him to be the child of a vaudeville couple who lived on the floor below the studio of Durant.

Always friendly to all children, Sylvia paused, patted the youngster on the head, and said:

"Well, kiddie, what are you up to, way up here, alone?"

He smiled shyly as he answered: "Nothin'."

"Why aren't you outdoors this fine day?"

"I been out; it's too noisy; I like it here better."

Sylvia looked more closely at the curly head. The idea of a boy who did not like noise seemed rather odd to her.

"You are studying your lessons, then, I suppose?"

"Nope; just listening."

"'Listening,' to what?"

"I don't know; it sounded funny, but it's stopped now."

"You're a wise little man, I see, but what did it sound like?"

"Maybe it was rehearsing; I've heard them noises sound awful queer sometimes when my mother took me to the theatre," the boy nodded sagely with all the uncanny wisdom of a child of the mimic world.

"Have you seen Mr. Durant come in?"

"Nope, but his brother went out a while ago in a terrible hurry; I don't like him, 'cause he kicked me."

"Oh, he couldn't have seen you. It's kind of dark up here, you know. His brother, you say? I didn't know he had a brother; does he live here, too?"

Sylvia could not have told why she asked the question, or why a sense of fear came over her. Durant might have a dozen brothers for all she knew, and it certainly had nothing to do with her errand. But so strong was her feeling of apprehension that she almost turned to go back down the stairs. However, she needed the work so much she could not afford to give way to a whim, so she shrugged her straight young shoulders and edged around the still seated child.

"By-by, sonny; I'd run out for a while if I were you. The sunshine makes little boys grow, and then you'll be a man all the sooner." She laughed and ran on up the last stair.

She knocked several times, but there was no response, so she felt for the key that Durant had said would be hanging on the side of the door. Sure enough, it was there. One is apt to have a strange feeling about entering the domicile of some one who is little known, but she had been distinctly told to do so, and the door opened with no difficulty. It was a huge, bare place—a workshop, not the haunt of a dilettante, but there was not lacking many curious things gleaned from all parts of the world. Bright bits of beautiful fabrics were scattered about, and there was a profusion of heterogeneous objects such as are used for backgrounds of magazine illustrations.

Here and there, too, were small paintings

in oils that showed Durant had ambitions far beyond the illustrator's work.

Wandering about from this to that, Sylvia was struck with the contrast of many of the subjects. Some were gruesome to the point of horror, while others were delicate and charming specimens of a poetic imagination.

A horrible conception with the word "Despair" scrawled beneath was side by side with a sketch called "The House of Music," showing a model of exquisite beauty, young and tender, standing on a misty platform with head thrown back and full throat quivering with the unuttered song that one could fairly see welling from the white column of her neck. Sylvia stood and studied this for a long time; it appealed to her in a way that almost made her stop breathing. To think that the idea of sound could be so feelingly conveyed on mere canvas was nothing short of genius.

What was the matter with the world that an artist of such power should be forced to mere illustrating?

Sylvia had been so absorbed in this particular picture that when a clock struck the hour she jumped as if a voice had spoken. In doing so she involuntarily threw out her arm and struck a screen that had been standing around the model throne, as it is called in the artist vernacular. The screen toppled over and fell with what sounded like a great crash in the dim silence of the studio.

Sylvia stood rigid for a moment, feeling that eerie chill up the spine that we call "some one walking over our grave."

In the half light, for it was four of a winter afternoon that had chimed, she edged away from a crumpled pile of silk that lay at the foot of the overturned screen. But a moment's shuddering inspection caused her to bend over; then she started back in no imaginary horror, for the body of a young girl lay there like a broken flower.

She leaned over gingerly and touched the tendril-like fingers. They were cold and stiff.

Could it be possible? Yes, it was the model of the picture that she had been gazing at for goodness knows how long. The same delicate beauty, the tender youth, the pale gold hair; and, oh horror! there were ugly discolored marks on the white full throat!

Had she, Sylvia Gray, been alone in the studio with this gruesome dead girl for nearly an hour?

The thought of her own possible implication never occurred to her; it was only the sheer spell of the presence of she knew not what that overcame her for a time; then her nerves began to react, and she realized that she must do something, and at once.

Who could have committed this dastardly crime?

Durant? It was unthinkable.

"The man and artist who could conceive and bring to being that exquisite picture could never be the murderer of its subject. Never, never!" she whispered to herself.

Suddenly the vague words of the child came back to her mind about funny noises and the brother who kicked him as he went down the stairs. He must have been the guilty one. What a double shock it would be to Durant!

She knew she ought to phone police headquarters the first thing, but being a woman, and a very sympathetic one, she felt growing within her all the latent mother protective intuition to save Durant if possible.

Arundel Marvin, the detective with whom she had worked on the Scott case! Yes, he would know just what to do; if she could only get him without delay. It was fast growing dark, and she did not relish staying in the lonely studio with the knowledge of that broken life there at the foot of the screen.

With trembling hands and bated breath, she took up the phone and called Marvin's house number. She knew it was a private wire, and already her active mind was working on the chance of keeping the case from publicity as long as possible in the hope of their unearthing some clue that would save Durant from suspicion.

By great good luck she caught Marvin, and her whispered and halting words that yet gave him instantly the impression of some very grave situation were responded to with his well-known and hearty voice saying he would be there in a scant ten minutes.

She pulled herself together to pass the ordeal of that short period, praying that Durant would not come until she had told the detective all she knew of the strange circumstance.

CHAPTER TWO

ABOUT seven o'clock that night Orrin Durant walked into the "Blue Pigeon," a small restaurant frequented by those in the know of what good dining and better artist talk could be enjoyed there. It was a place still undiscovered by the sight-seeing people from uptown, who soon ruin the social side of these resorts.

At a table in a secluded corner sat Detective Marvin and Sylvia Gray, with plates laid for three.

They hailed Durant gayly and made way for him quite as if nothing unusual had happened.

Marvin had attended to all the formalities, had left two trustworthy men in charge in the studio, and had brought Sylvia to the restaurant according to a plan of his own.

Durant had not gone to the studio at all, and it had been easy enough to find out where he usually dined, so they came on the chance that Durant would appear there. And their next move would be entirely contingent on the way he acted.

With a light tread and debonair manner, Durant came down the long room.

Sylvia introduced Marvin at once.

"Well, little lady," he greeted them, "I owe you an apology and about seven dollars for not showing up this afternoon, but the fact is that after I had gotten through with the business that I had to attend to I felt played out. You know, Mr. Marvin, we artist fellows hate business like poison, and I went for a walk to get the cobwebs out of my mind. It was such a bully day for sketching that I went farther than I intended, and I must confess it, but I forgot my engagement with this dear girl, strange as that must seem." Turning to Sylvia with a look so boyish and candid that one could not believe it hid anything but truth, he continued: "Please forgive me."

There was a tense silence for an instant, happily broken by Marie bringing the soup, a great tureen of it steaming with its invitation to good cheer.

"That's right, Marie; I am hungry as a hunter, and your good thick soup is just what I want most in the world right now. That is," he added, "if I can eat it with a clear conscience that the little lady here is my friend yet, even if I did not find my way back in time to put those lovely smoke-gray eyes of hers in a picture to haunt the mind of hapless youth."

Sylvia mumbled something, too disturbed to answer in her usual gay manner.

Marvin, more used to scenes of tense drama in the midst of the routine of eating and drinking, ladled out the soup and asked carelessly:

"Where did you take your walk that made you forget this girl? It must have been a fascinating part of our big town."

For a moment a puzzled look came over Durant's face, but he replied almost at once:

"Oh, I went over on the Jersey Hills and wandered about; the New York sky line is a gem on some of these winter afternoons."

"Isn't it? Even poor duffers like myself can appreciate it, and I can imagine that to you it must be irresistible. Which ferry did you cross?"

Again that look of puzzlement drifted across Durant's face.

"Oh, quite uptown; yes, the Fort Lee ferry, of course."

"Do you remember what time it was?"

"Heavens, no. I hate clocks almost as much as I do business; people who live by clocks are slaves. I see you are trying to make me feel how badly I treated Miss Sylvia in not remembering the time, but she is beginning to know my ways, and I know she will not harbor a grudge. I can always do twice as much work after one of my outings."

During this rambling talk he had been eating with a gusto that seemed impossible to one who had left a grisly burden as the result of the afternoon, and yet his attempt at an alibi was just a bit forced. What could it mean?

There followed an awkward pause, but Durant did not seem to notice it; his dark eyes were dancing, his dark, waving hair slightly ruffled, as if he had really just come back from a trip in the open. But Marvin noticed that his hands were meticulously white—scrubbed to a surgeon's point of cleanliness, quite different from the layman's idea of what can be done with soap and water.

"What ho, Marie! Bring on the chicken, and let's have something sparkling and forbidden in cups. Tell madame this is my treat, for

I have been rude to a lady to-day, and that needs something extra to make up, does it not, Miss Sylvia?"

Again Sylvia gasped out an incoherent reply. If he knew aught of the tragedy his gayety was ghastly, and all her mind seemed capable of contriving was a "No, no!" repeating itself like an anvil chorus in her brain.

Marvin had advised that they wait some time before telling Durant about the crime, but every moment it was more difficult to keep her control.

Bracing herself, she put the one question that she dreaded and yet hoped would prove the solution to the puzzle.

In a small, trembling voice unlike her own rich contralto, she asked:

"By the way, just as I was going up to your studio a little boy on the stairs said that your brother had just gone out. Was he there before you left?"

Her voice almost broke, and she clenched her hands under the table.

"My brother!" cried Durant in puzzled tones. "I haven't got one; I am utterly without a living relative." Once more a shadow passed over his face.

"Why, isn't that strange? The kiddie was so positive. I wonder if it was really you? Could any stranger have been in the studio? He—he said that your brother kicked him as he went down the stairs. I didn't think that sounded like you."

"God forgive the little liar; I never kicked a child in my life; I worship children—the luck of a lonely chap."

"Why be lonely then," said Marvin, "in a world full of lovely women? That condition is easily remedied."

"Um—yes; I hope—oh, say, good people, you will think me an awful Aprily sort of fellow, but I could almost cry or cuss at the idea of me striking a child. Somehow it hurts, and that little chap you speak of is a great friend of mine. What could have possessed him to tell such a lie? What say that we have our coffee and do a theatre? I'm not in a mood for my big silent studio to-night."

"And are you in a mood for a theatre?" Sylvia cried.

"Why not? It would be the end of an almost perfect day."

"Why *almost* perfect?" Marvin drawled.

"Oh, nothing is ever perfect in this world, I take it, but I believe that I have great reason for happiness this day, and I do not want to be alone, so I am selfish in asking for your company, you see. Oh, hang it all, I never could keep a secret. Miss Sylvia, did you notice a picture in my studio of an angel in the form of a real human girl—the one called 'The House of Music,' standing on the easel near the north window?"

Sylvia nodded; she could not speak.

"Well," he continued, "that angel has consented this very morning to be my wife, and that, dearest lady, is the real reason that I forgot my engagement with you. I felt so sort of grateful to Fate, and so full of what seems to me a really sacred fire, that I had to go out and roam the Jersey Hills until I could come down to earth again. Do you wonder now that I could not remember the time or the ferry?"

He was so ingenuous and the flame of his love burned with such young and true ardor that Marvin and Sylvia could but marvel and feel that any suspicion attached to him was really an impossibility.

No human being guilty of that crime could talk of the victim with that look in his eyes.

But now came the further problem of how to tell him of the tragedy that would snuff out all his hopes.

Sylvia plainly was not equal to it; and Marvin, seasoned as he was by long experience, felt utterly at a loss.

Durant was so engrossed in his thoughts that he did not even notice the confusion and silence of the other two.

"Her name—her name is Lilias," mused Durant, looking into his winecup, and who knows what visions he saw there.

"Yes, that name just suited her," whispered Sylvia; "she was very, very beautiful. That picture, 'The House of Music,' before which I spent nearly all the time I was waiting, is absolutely a masterpiece, and ought to make you famous. Do you know if anything happened to her?"

"Girl," Durant cried nervously, springing up, "why do you say 'was'? Lilias is the most radiantly alive creature in the world. If anything happened to her! My God! It would

kill me surely as a shot. Only this morning, even while she lay in my arms, she said she had a presentiment, but I told her it was only her too sensitive nerves. She is too near the angels, and the small gods get jealous sometimes; did you know that?"

Marvin nodded wisely as if there was nothing unusual in the statement.

"I believe that may be, but just what do you mean?" he asked curiously. "What are you getting excited about?"

Durant sank into his chair again, but trembled like a leaf. He suddenly grew paler than the cloth on the table, and spoke slowly and with great hesitation:

"It sounds a queer thing to say, but when humans get too near the borderland and whiff a breath of the delights of what we may call paradise, there seems to be a law that permits only just one glimpse, and then something intervenes. Sometimes it is an accident; now and then it is a clouting over, as it were, of the higher nature. And once in a great while a real creature of the sub-human world ends that too great happiness by a deed of violence."

His great dark eyes were blazing, but as he uttered these strange words a convulsion seized him and he fell over on the floor.

Sylvia and Marvin stared at him in astonishment.

"Good God in heaven! Could he have described his own case? The strangest thing I ever heard in my whole life," the detective muttered.

He bent over the artist.

"He's the victim of some great mental strain, I think," said the girl.

CHAPTER THREE

THE next day about noon Marvin and Sylvia met for a late breakfast and a consultation.

Sylvia had passed almost a sleepless night, for the rapid series of morbid experiences had been almost too much even for her healthy nerves. But a brisk walk, then the stimulating help of good coffee brought back the color to her cheeks and the steady light in her fine eyes.

"There, you look better now," said Marvin. "Are you ready to hear the report of our patient?"

"Both ready and anxious. Do tell me how he is."

"In a state of coma; the doctor says it may be hours before he recovers consciousness."

"What did you tell the doctor?"

"Simply said he was a friend and that he had gone faint suddenly while we were dining; too much work probably, and that I had him brought to my place, as I did not care to have him taken to a hospital. He said there must have been a shock of some kind, but rest and quiet were all that he needed. The usual thing. He gave him a hyperdermic, and I have a trained nurse with him, so we have a few hours in which to decide on the next step; I have been making some inquiries this morning, and several people in the neighborhood of his studio where he has been about two years, by the way, all agree that he has either a father or brother who visits him at intervals. It's a man who looks a good bit like him, but much older and rather rougher in appearance; in fact, a surly brute, I should say from what the janitor of the building told me. He was most positive in his story. It must be that it is the scapegrace of the family and he is ashamed of him. That was why he denied that he had a brother. Or perhaps it may be his father. Evidently these visits were at long intervals, and he fancied they were unnoticed. The theory that I have worked out is this: that this relative may be a drug addict and dependent on Durant. He may have found out the artist's intention to marry and thought that would cut short his own supply of money. And so, in a drug delirium, he may have murdered that poor girl."

"It sounds reasonable," answered Sylvia hesitatingly.

"I see that you do not agree with me."

"Oh, Mr. Marvin, I don't know what to think. I have not your wide experience. To tell you the truth, it may sound silly, but I cannot conceive that any one human could have killed that beautiful girl. I never will forget the way she looked, lying there all crumpled up, just like a flower broken from the stem; it haunts me."

"My dear girl, it was dreadful that you

had to be the one to discover her, but we must face what comes in our way, and do it bravely. Now, be a good girl and brace up, for I want your services very much on this case. There are elements in it that call for the super nerves and intuition of a woman."

"I will do what I can, but one thing I feel sure of: that Orrin Durant never did it."

"I half agree with you, but we must find out more before we make up our minds too positively. Are you game to go on with it?" Marvin eyed her anxiously.

"Yes, oh, yes."

"Good; then here is a retainer for any necessary expenses, and please forget all other matters until we can clear up this case."

Sylvia mechanically took the roll of bills and marveled in a sort of parenthesis of thought how providentially her needs had been provided for, and in what a strange way the Wolf of Want had been checkmated.

"This is the first thing I want you to do; I want you to be there when Durant wakes up and note most carefully just what he says and what his first questions are. Much may depend on this. Act as naturally as you can, but be evasive in your replies in case he asks anything about this girl and phone me to come at once. I shall be where I can get there in a few minutes at any hour, but naturally there are many other things I have to do in the regular course of the case."

"Then have you found out who the girl was?"

"Yes; that was simple enough; there were several notes from her in his desk. Her name was Lilias Randolph, a music student like yourself, living in a rooming house on East 39th street, where she was said to be quiet and unassuming. She had not sung in public as yet, but had done some work for the phonographs. I believe she was from the South, and have wired to an address we found that appeared to be that of her people. I hope there will be an answer at any moment."

"It will be an awful shock to somebody, won't it?"

"Of course; I simply wired 'sudden death,' and will have to break the news of its being a murder when some one responds."

"Oh, isn't the world full of terrible things?"

"It surely is, my dear girl; but in this business we must 'carry on' as we learned to do in the war."

"Is the—the body still there in the studio?" Sylvia's voice trembled in spite of her effort to be calm.

"No; after the coroner had been there and it was slated as a clear case of strangulation by some one unknown at present, it was removed, and everything restored to the usual condition, for it is part of my plan, if Durant wakes to a clear state of mind, to see if he will return there of his own accord, and if he shows the slightest knowledge of the crime. Of course he will be most carefully shadowed, so there will be not a chance of his getting away, but I consider this necessary until I can untangle this possible brother or father story."

"Oh, Mr. Marvin, you act as if you thought Durant might be the guilty one; you don't believe that, do you?"

"Now don't make me go over the trite saying that no one is guilty until he is proven so; but any one implicated by such circumstances as we have here may be guilty until proven to be innocent. That is the whole thing in a nutshell, and we must await developments with open minds; you, too, young lady!"

"I suppose so, but I don't think I could ever be a real detective; it's too cold-blooded; the way I feel is that one good hunch, I must call it for want of a better word, is worth a barrel of evidence."

"That is exactly why I want your help; you keep on following your hunches and I sift the evidence as it comes."

"Ye—es. Well, what is the next thing to do?"

"You are to go to my house and just sit quietly by the side of the nurse; she has instructions that you will replace her on the slightest sign of waking. Above all, act as naturally as possible. The phone in the room is cut off, but they have orders at the switchboard to send up for you to go to the hall phone on call. I will ring up every few minutes to see if I am needed, or if there is any wire from the South. You open any telegram that comes and act accordingly."

Marvin put her into a taxi, shook hands with an expression of real sympathy, for he knew well it was asking a good deal of her, and

strode down the street to pick up the threads of this curiously tangled web.

CHAPTER FOUR

IT seemed a very long time to Sylvia as the hours dragged along and the quiet figure on the bed lay utterly motionless. Once or twice a slight convulsive movement of the fingers caused both the nurse and Sylvia to spring to their feet in expectation. But immediately the hands relaxed again, and but for a steady rhythm of breath the man on the bed might have been thought dead, so extreme was his pallor and so rigid the limbs.

Durant was a man of medium size, but finely built, with clean-cut lines that told of muscular strength. Sylvia noticed how very mobile the lines were of the mouth, sensitive nostrils, and a chin not quite square enough to match the strength of the rest of the face. He had very abundant hair that she now noted was rather plentifully sprinkled with fine gray strands; a fact that she had not noticed the night before. In fact, as she looked back, she would have said that she had never remembered that his hair showed the least sign of gray. He was one of those men whose face sparkled with whatever feeling he was under the influence of, so one recollected more the effect than any detail of feature.

About four o'clock a wire came. She opened it and read:

"Leaving at once; will arrive Penn station eight a. m. WARREN RANDOLPH."

She left the bedside long enough to get Marvin on the phone, and repeated it to him. He reported that he had made some progress, but did not want her to be absent a moment from the patient, as his waking must come soon now, so he would tell her what he had discovered later in the evening.

Although this took but a few seconds, it seemed, when Sylvia returned, a startling change had taken place in the deathly quiet man on the bed.

Instead of the pallor that had been so marked all the hours that he had lain in the coma, his skin had turned dark to such a degree that it almost looked like the body of an Indian. There was a coppery sheen on the face, and every feature seemed thickened and coarsened. He had turned slightly, too, and the bunched muscles showed through the silk of the pajama sleeves.

So utterly surprised was Sylvia by this change that she could not suppress a slight exclamation which seemed to call the distant spirit of the man, for he stirred and muttered something in a guttural tongue utterly unknown to the frightened watchers.

The nurse was, of course, strictly professional, and asked at once if Sylvia knew the nature of the drug that had been administered before she came on the scene.

Naturally Sylvia did not know and said so, gazing with horror-stricken eyes at the patient.

"It must have been something mighty powerful, and I think I had better ring for an ambulance; he don't look like the same man. I believe he was doped with something even before your doctor saw him. He looks queer to me, and I do not care to take any further responsibility."

Sylvia, frightened as she was, knew this would be contrary to Marvin's wishes.

So, controlling herself as best she could, she declared that she had known the patient for quite a long time, and that his natural color was much darker than one might think who had only seen him while stricken as he had been; that the pallor was only the result of a low blood pressure, and his present appearance was a sign of returning vigor.

She was sparring for time, and did not dare to leave the bedside even long enough to go to the phone again for fear of what the nurse, who showed that she was suspicious of the case being other than it had been represented, might do in her absence.

Second by second the change became more startling. Durant drew his feet up almost to his chin in a crouching attitude; his eyelids fluttered and the whites of his eyes showed, streaked and filmy; his hair bushed out as if it had a new, wiry force.

The two girls stood it until it seemed that human endurance would break, then the nurse started determinedly toward the door.

"I don't know who you may be, Miss Gray, nor what your relationship is with this man, but he is in a delirium and we cannot cope with him alone. I guess I know my business, and no matter what you may think, I am going to get an ambulance at once."

"No, no; you must not," cried Sylvia.

"But indeed I will, and you can't stop me."

Truth to tell, undignified as it was, the two women fairly fought to get to the hall phone, which was several paces down the corridor.

Realizing the futility of obstructing the woman, Sylvia gave way, thinking she could get help from the people in the office who would recognize Marvin's position as a detective and understand that the sick man was a prisoner in a way; a fact that had not been told the nurse for obvious reasons.

So while the nurse thought she had the best of it, and that an ambulance would be there in a short time, Sylvia turned back toward the room, only to find the door closed and locked.

It seemed impossible; for a moment they looked at each other in such astonishment that they were powerless.

"So that is what has happened on account of your pigheadedness. He may do some harm to himself," shrieked Sylvia, trying with all her slight strength to shake the door.

Their combined screams soon brought help. The house keys were useless, for the maniac within, as they now felt him to be, had pushed some heavy article of furniture against the door.

At this juncture Marvin and a stranger came rushing from the elevator.

"Oh, I am so glad you are here; something terrible has happened. Break in the door; hurry, hurry!" wailed Sylvia.

Stalwart shoulders made short work of it, but when they entered the room was empty.

CHAPTER FIVE

THE small apartment hotel where Detective Marvin lived was searched from roof to cellar, but not a trace of the fugitive could be found.

It seemed incredible that a man who had lain in a coma for several hours could have had strength to jump from his bed, barricade the door, get into his clothes, and flee down the fire-escape, the only other egress from the room, while Sylvia and the nurse were having their altercation at the phone in the corridor.

Taxicabs were thick in the neighborhood, and the outside once gained, it would have been easy enough to get away by that means. But how could he have the nerve to get down the fire-escape without falling, after being unconscious so many hours?

The search was given up, and they were forced to the conclusion that this impossible feat had been performed. They gazed at each other in consternation, feeling that here was a power beyond that of a human.

The nurse was paid off liberally and dismissed. She went away muttering that she had not been engaged to deal with bugs or wild beasts.

Dr. Simeon Ford, the great brain specialist, was the other man who had alighted from the lift with Marvin, who had brought him, hoping he might be present when Durant regained consciousness.

He questioned both Sylvia and Marvin at length, but, like the great man he was, preserved his opinion until he had seen the subject of their strange story.

A big, heavy-set man with iron-gray hair and cold gray eyes, almost opaque in their inscrutability, he showed keen interest in the fact of the change that Sylvia insisted had taken place in the look and coloring of Durant just prior to his awakening. Marvin was inclined to think that the horrors that Sylvia had undergone in the past hours might have affected her imagination, but Doctor Ford listened as carefully to each detail as though such phenomena were usual things in his practise.

This gave Sylvia confidence, and she recalled the most minute incidents such as the talon-like groping of the fingers. Marvin added to this by explaining how startlingly clean his hands had been when he entered the restaurant the night before, although he had said that he had just returned from a sketching trip on the hills of New Jersey.

The doctor asked all sorts of questions, many of which they did not understand and could not answer.

Finally he rose to go, and said quietly:

"The case interests me very much, it being in line with certain things that I have been investigating. Since prohibition there has been such an enormous increase in the use of drugs that I am inclined to think certain evil powers can be made use of under exceptional conditions."

"That sounds almighty queer in the broad light of day, but it seems to fit our case, doctor, does it not?" said Marvin.

"Possibly, and now I must go. If you should find your man, let me know at once. To tell the truth, I have been rather hoping I might find such a case to prove some of my theories. Young lady, don't brood on this thing; it is unfortunate that you should come in contact with such a matter, but it may be cleared up quite naturally, after all."

With a quick bow and a keen glance at each in turn, he left them.

"My goodness, but he is a cold fish," exclaimed Sylvia.

"Not a bit of it; I know him, and he is intensely keyed up, but too careful to show it," answered Marvin.

CHAPTER SIX

THERE is no one in the whole wide world as lonely as a lonely child. Dickon Deyo, the only son of the Flying Deyos, trapeze artists, was indeed not only a neglected but sometimes almost a forgotten child. When performers had to give four turns per day, it was not strange that they felt their duty was covered if a scrap of supper was left on the table, and the child was told not to go outside the radius of the block.

Somehow Dickon had edged himself into the big studio while the police investigation had taken place. He had gathered that some one had killed his ardently worshipped lady of the golden curls, who had stopped him on the stairs once in a while and had given him a word or two. No one had known of the child's secret adoration, but in his lonely little soul he had built up his first romance, and when he saw them taking the body from the house he fled, not knowing or caring where he went. Too horror-stricken for tears, he gulped great dry sobs down his choking throat and wandered on and on until he found himself in the park. Even here happy children played boisterously, and he scudded into path after path looking for the solitude that his poor little heart craved.

A gang of ball-playing boys guyed his pale face and frightened eyes, and he ran down a bank pellmell, fell over a wall, and landed in one of the street culverts, by chance deserted.

Here he huddled in a very luxury of suffering.

His parents would not be home before midnight, and then it would be at least two hours of theatre gossip, beer-drinking and smoking before they would get quiet and sleep. He just could not return to that house and sit all those long hours alone; that house where such dreadful things happened. It was cold, but that seemed a mild horror compared to the murder, so he hunched his little overcoat closer about him, squeezed tightly to the stone wall that at least kept the wind off, and finally dozed.

Dickon slept peacefully for a time, but the cold was very penetrating, and he stirred fitfully, dreams and reality mixed in a sensation of desolateness and discomfort.

But finally he opened his eyes. The end of the culvert made a picture against the wintry sky, framed by the huge stones of the wall; a big tree was outlined clearly with its many branches bared of leaves, but lacy in its tracery of twigs and waving arms. Dickon loved anything that suggested a picture, and he gazed wistfully, for the moment forgetting the terror that had made him seek this hidden spot.

It was intensely quiet there; one might think the city far away.

But suddenly a figure swung over the wall and leaped to the roadway below.

Dickon came wide awake with a start, all his tense small body a-quiver with fright, for he knew instantly that furtive, sinewy shape. It was the "brother" who had kicked him on the stair that unhappy day.

Flight was his first thought, but a morbid curiosity held him spellbound, for he had gathered in a vague way that this man was

somehow mixed up in the horror of the "lady of the golden curls" being dead. Dickon had been such a solitary child that it is doubtful if he quite understood the meaning of "murder," the word that had been used several times by the big bluecoated men he had seen in the studio. But the intuition of childhood supplies many a meaning before the fact is rightly known.

The man saw him, and came on slowly with a baleful smile that froze the already chilled blood in his veins.

It was nearing the end of the winter day and growing quite perceptibly darker in the culvert, but still light enough to see the portentous expression of evil on the face of the man.

Dickon was neglected; this was true as far as his mind and soul growth. Such ideas were remote to the careless life of his parents. His small body, too, was none too well nourished, but his muscles had been trained since his earliest babyhood, for he was to appear in their act as soon as his age would allow.

When the man at last made a ferocious spring and swooped toward him, it was rather an astonishing sight to see the boy dive under him with one bound and stand at bay.

The man with his blazing eyes and wiry upright hair was a most gruesome sight, but the clear gaze of the boy did not falter.

"You killed my sweet lady! You did; you did!" the boyish voice shrieked.

Death was in those eyes, and the understanding leaped to his childish mind. A succession of wild, guttural sounds like those of some wild animal of the forest was all that came from the twisted lips of the man.

Snarling, he reached for the boy again. But now Dickon's fear was thoroughly roused. He realized that he must fight for his own life this man that he so hated for taking that other dear white life—that of the girl who had sung so often while he listened on the stairs, the girl who had smiled so innocently at all the world.

It was surely the strangest contest that ever took place.

While the man seemed to have abnormal strength, it was of an uneven, clumsy kind. He made wild lunges, fell several times as though he did not have the right control of his motor muscles, while Dickon was agility itself, spurred by both terror and hate.

They fought and scrambled, fell and twisted ever toward the entrance of that gloomy cavern-like culvert, until they were almost at the entrance. Now and then the rumble of vehicles could be heard passing overhead; the jangling gongs of trolleys made a rude obligato to their muffled cries.

One thought had been growing in the boy's mind; could he but reach that tree that beckoned with its waving branches from the street, there he might find safety.

At first it seemed a mile away, but slowly he got nearer. Twice and yet again the grip of the man was on his throat, but his desperate usage of quick, lightning-like movement, learned in the hard school of acrobatic work, served him well.

The man sunk his fingers in the frail arm, and it seemed that Dickon could not hold out another instant, but, tearing off his coat so the sleeve baffled the man for one desperate second, he threw his head back, measuring the distance to the tree. Then he made a last desperate leap that landed him on a fairly high branch. The madman climbed the trunk, but the boy dropped and ran.

Officer Brady was whistling blithely on his post when the boy ran to him, breathless, sobbing incoherent stuff that did not even make sense to the bluecoat. So Brady did not follow the madman's figure that ran down the culvert the other way. But he took the boy to the station, gave him some hot coffee, said a few things about boys climbing trees being against the law, and started Deckon toward his home, feeling that he had done his duty in a thoroughly proper and humane way.

CHAPTER SEVEN

At seven o'clock that same evening Sylvia was called to the phone by Detective Marvin.

"Hello, hello," he shouted; "come over to the Blue Pigeon at once. I have great news; we have our man!"

"What—Durant?" she choked, half glad, half in fear

"Durant himself, and entirely himself," he replied.

"When? How?" she gasped.

"I can't tell you over the phone, but come quickly."

This last was quite unnecessary, for she fairly flew into her hat and coat and raced the few blocks to the restaurant.

There she found Marvin, smoking a cigarette and trying to be his cool and usual self, but visibly excited.

The detective had secured a corner behind the big palm tree, known to the habitués of the place as the "Lover's Nook."

Sylvia seated herself, breathless from her hurried flight.

"Before we say a word," smiled Marvin, "I want you to have a good bracer, for I have some remarkable news. I didn't want to trust to the weak hootch we can get here, so I mixed a glorious cocktail in my rooms and brought it in my trusty hip cache. Here we are; take a long drink, and then I will divulge." Suiting the action to the word, he poured the mixture liberally; they touched cups in the tense silence and drank deeply.

"Now! About an hour ago Durant walked into my office of his own accord and placed a large retainer on my desk, and asked me to take the case of running down the dastardly villain who had killed his sweetheart!"

"He! He asked *you* to——" Sylvia could not frame the words in her astonishment.

"Just that; can you beat it?" answered Marvin.

Sylvia could only gasp again, but her eyes were big as stars and luminous with the sheer drama of such an act.

"It seems that between five and six o'clock he walked into his studio as if nothing had happened, was astonished to find my two men in charge, but sensed that something unusual had happened. The janitor came up just at that vital point and blurted out the fact of the murder before my men could stop him. He was, of course, utterly dumfounded and overcome with grief and horror. Now, I don't know why I said 'of course,' for, if he did it himself, why should he be so astounded? Gad, it is an awful muddle, but this is how it happened, anyhow. My men were equally impressed with the man's emotion, whatever the nature of it may be, and they let him follow his first thought to get in touch with me. Naturally one of them shadowed him, but he came direct to my office. He seems weak and exhausted to a pitiable degree, but was fairly calm, his hair smooth, and his general appearance only what would be expected of a man who had gotten a very great shock.

"Did he say where he had been the last twenty-four hours?"

"Miss Sylvia, you'll make a first-class detective yet, for that is the vital point. He looked at me with that bewildered gaze we noticed the other night, and calmly said he didn't know. He even asked me quite coolly what day it is, with not a shadow of effort to establish an alibi. His grief is absolutely heart-rending, but he is manfully trying to keep his self-command."

"But where is he now?"

"At the house of Dr. Simeon Ford. Of course he is really a prisoner, but Doctor Ford asked me to leave him in his custody for a day or two. He has some plan, some experiment, I gathered, that he is anxious to try and which he thinks may clear up the many peculiar features of the queerest case I ever handled."

"Could you get any idea of what Ford thought?"

"Well, hardly; you know how those scientists are—prudent to a fault for fear some one will quote them before it is time. But he used a word that I never heard before. He seemed to think I would understand it. To tell the truth, I was so busy watching Durant that it never occurred to me to ask what it meant; some sort of technical phrase, I suppose."

"What was the word? Can you remember it?"

"Lycanthropy. I think it was; it sounds familiar, but just what it means is beyond me."

"I know I have heard the word, but I can't think for the life of me just what it means."

"I wonder if we could run down a dictionary in this joint?"

"Not very likely, but we might stop at the Public Library and find out."

"Here, Marie," to the smiling waitress, "do you suppose that any one in the house has a big dictionary?"

"Oh, sir, a what?" Marie's smile was most puzzled.

"Never mind; bring the check; we'll beat it and find out elsewhere. To know food is quite enough for these busy people."

It chanced that a dark-bearded man had been emerging from his overcoat near their table while this question was asked of Marie, and he now turned and looked at them curiously.

"Pardon me"—he approached them courteously—"but I, quite without meaning to, overheard your question. If you will permit me, I can answer it. It is a most unusual word, as its meaning denotes a most unusual fact. Would you be so very kind as to enlighten me as to why you wished to know it?"

Detective Marvin glanced keenly at the stranger before he replied.

"The matter is in the nature of being of too private a nature, but if you will be kind enough to give the required definition, we would appreciate your kindness."

His next remark, instead of being the reply expected, almost floored the detective, for he coolly seated himself at their table, looked Marvin squarely in the eye, and said:

"You do not know me, I see."

"I certainly do not," brusquely answered Marvin.

"You will when you see me again."

"What do you mean?"

"No matter," the bearded one smiled grimly; "I shall have great pleasure in seeing you at the meeting to-morrow night that my friend, Simeon Ford, has arranged. If I mistake not, you will then see with your own eyes a case of lycanthropy."

And with this startling remark he arose and abruptly walked out of the place.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE next night at eight sharp a small coterie of people gathered in the drawing-room of Dr. Simeon Ford.

The curtains were drawn tightly, and the soft rose-colored lights cast a glow over many treasures of art that denoted the physician's fine taste and culture.

Whatever the nature of the experiment that was to be made, it was evident that as much as possible of a professional nature had been purposely obscured; for this reason the drawing-room had been selected instead of the office.

Indeed, it looked more like the setting of a social function than a scientific investigation; the grand piano stood open, banked with flowers; the guilded frame of a large harp showed in relief against a Gobelin tapestry.

Several fine paintings of the modern French school were hung here and there; and not too conspicuously could be seen the picture, the "House of Music," that had been brought over from Durant's studio. It now stood on an easel, softly but cunningly lighted by border bulbs concealed by folds of black velvet.

It was a well-proportioned and beautifully arranged room, spacious and restful, with but few articles of furniture, but each piece so well chosen and fine in its way that one realized how vulgar and crowded the ordinary drawing-room is; only one feature was unusual—one end of the large room was entirely taken up by a huge mirror reached by a dais of two steps, covered by narrow Persian prayer rugs.

The mirror itself had border lights, concealed by heavy black velvet hangings, but the real oddity was that these lights grew dimmer and stronger from time to time, so gradually that the onlooker was scarcely aware of it.

A Victrola in a rosewood case stood just back of the easel that held the picture that Durant had painted of the dead girl, but partially hidden by a large palm.

In the foreground were grouped Simeon Ford, gray-eyed and alert, but tensely quiet; Detective Marvin and Sylvia, both in evening dress—this had been requested in the note of invitation; Warren Randolph, a small, very pale man, the father of the dead girl, who had arrived from the South that morning and who was distinctly alarmed by the strange actions of these unknown people.

And last, but by no means last, the dark-bearded stranger who had invaded the talk of Sylvia and Marvin at the Blue Pigeon the night before.

Soft music floated over the whispered talk

from time to time; a tray of tiny crystal glasses containing some potent cordial was served; each one drank their portion; the servitor disappeared, and gradually a feeling of other-worldness pervaded the group.

Complete silence reigned for a few tense moments.

Then Dr. Simeon spoke:

"Friends, we have gathered here to try and affect one of the most vital and dangerous things that a human being can attempt: that of ridding a fellow creature of a possession so hideous and deadly that it is seldom known to any one. Before we proceed, I wish to introduce to you this gentleman," indicating the dark-bearded man; "this is Rudolpho Gregorio, as possibly some of you may know; he is the chief of one of our largest detective bureaus, and I felt it necessary to bring this case to his notice, as it showed by its nature certain pathologic conditions that were beyond the experience of most of us."

At this name Detective Marvin had started, for he knew the man well.

Gregorio now said:

"Before I proceed to tell you how I have trailed the many comings and goings of the unfortunate man, Orrin Durant, through the mazes of his alternate fits of bestial possession and times of complete sanity. I wish that Doctor Ford would give you the exact definition of 'lycanthropy,' which is the learned name by which this case will be tabulated in the annals of the detective bureau that I represent."

Gregorio's voice was full and vibrant, and his listening audience felt that they were surely in the presence of a man of no ordinary powers.

"Lycanthropy," answered Doctor Ford, "is a very rare form of mania; it is a medical term that signifies a kind of erratic melancholy in which the patient imagines himself a wolf and imitates the actions of that animal to perfection.

"Exactly," went on Gregorio, "and this young man, having been much in the Park Zoo, where he studied the actions of the animals there with a view of doing a great mural painting of a pack of wolves in their primeval wildness, became an easy victim to this peculiar form of mania when, through overwork and very acute attacks of insomnia, he had recourse to drugs, hoping to induce sleep by their use. He first met Lilias Randolph when she was in the company of an animal trainer and became very jealous of him, fearing his almost hypnotic power as evinced over the animals in his care would prove just as fascinating to the poor girl."

"How strangely that all fits in, does it not?" said Sylvia.

"The young girl, however," went on Gregorio, "was deeply in love with Durant, and when his wild actions first began to show she believed it only acute nervousness, and could often quiet him and bring him back to normalcy by singing to him. But these attacks became more frequent and violent until they had several serious quarrels, always about this animal trainer. The day of the tragedy they had been on unusually good terms, and the girl must have promised to marry him, from what he told Detective Marvin, but finding a photograph of the supposed rival in Lilias's little bag—it was found on the floor of the studio beside her dead body—he became infuriated and rushed to the street down the long stairs, kicking a small boy named Dickon on the way. He probably got a new supply of the drug that had brought on this condition. Returning, he probably committed the murder. Then he must have raced down the fire-escape to the street; he could climb like a cat and was almost superhuman when in his terrible delirium."

"And they call this Twentieth Century enlightened. Sounds more like the Dark Ages, doesn't it?" queried Marvin.

"Yes," answered Gregorio, "there were several relic of the Dark Ages, although our own time has not been without its wolfish tendencies. But we will not go into that. My suspicions were first aroused as to the nature of his malady by the account of the boy Dickon of his fight in the park culvert. And I have been able to make a pretty direct trail of his movements since the spasm of jealousy that resulted so fatally. I should have liked to have the boy here to-night, but feared the effect on his youthful and sensitive mind; it would be a pity to wreck still another, even in the cause of science."

"But he must have had lucid intervals; he seemed entirely himself the night he dined

with us at the Blue Pigeon," said Sylvia, her eyes luminous with the dramatic tensity of the situation.

"Yes," answered Gregorio, "there were several lucid intervals, and it is a question if Durant had any memory of the other moods or not. Probably not, as you have said that he was bewildered when questioned about some of his movements. But you will remember that you both noticed how meticulously he had cleaned his hands and removed all trace of what he had done."

"And now, good friends," Doctor Ford took up the theme, "we are going to see if it is possible to rid this man of his attendant demon, as it were, by the voice of his sweetheart, the voice he loved best on earth."

"Oh!" breathed Sylvia, thrilled to the marrow of her bones.

"Is there anything else?" asked the physician.

"I think we are quite ready," replied Gregorio.

A tiny bell was heard in the distance, and presently a tall, slender woman, garbed quietly, but unmistakably a nurse, came in, with Orrin Durant following.

He appeared perfectly normal except that the pupils of his eyes were very large and oscillated nervously.

Greetings were exchanged as simply and naturally as possible under the extraordinary circumstances, and Durant was seated facing the huge mirror.

The border lights became dim almost to actual darkness, and Doctor Ford announced that they were about to have a little music, some of it original and some familiar and well-loved.

For a space of time it might well have been thought to have been only a social musicale of a high order. The curtain had been drawn over the picture of the dead girl, but gradually the selections became of a more dramatic character, thrilling the hearers as if by higher powers.

The lights again fluctuated, and suddenly a glare showed the picture to Durant's spellbound gaze, at the same instant a voice began to peal forth in a song cycle which he had heard many times rendered by the golden tones of the murdered girl. Merely a very fine master record was used at this truly psychological moment, but the effect was indescribably wonderful.

"My Lilias—my Lilias!" cried Durant. "Oh, God, where are you? This is cruel; I can't bear it!"

He rose to his feet and swayed as if he would fall.

"It *is* cruel; it is terrible," moaned Sylvia.

"Sometimes one must be cruel to be kind." The physician's voice was very low and steady.

The music pulsed higher, and the lights grew ever brighter.

Durant stood tense and poised for a moment; he looked toward the door, evidently puzzled to know if this group of people were hostile to him or not; then he seemed to grow gradually unconscious of any one being there. He was alone with the being he had loved; broken love phrases came from his twitching lips: "Lilias! Lilias! Can I reach you? Where are you? Oh, dear one, do not leave me here. The sun was sinking on the hills when you came to me last. You said it would be only a short time; you said you loved only me; and yet—that man—God! he had such power. And I was afraid of him; you were too sweet and white to—no, no, Lilias—wait for me!"

A great shudder went through him, then with a gigantic effort he tore the picture from the easel and hurled it to the floor. Sinking to the rug, he began creeping toward the mirror.

The voice in the phonograph soared ever higher and higher until the tension of the audience was supreme.

As it died away at last, they all leaned forward breathless to see the marvelous change that was taking place before their eyes.

Durant himself seemed vanishing in a mist, but in the mirror, now brilliantly lighted, they saw growing his fearsome shape with more of the wolf qualities than at any other time, as if the very conditions evoked and called forth the lower being in a stronger form. It grew and grew: the wiry hair, the lupine lips, the fierce groping of the hands, the thickening of all the features. Low, growling mutters came from the straining mouth, and with an echoing howl of ferocity and despair combined, before

any one could conceive of the action, Durant sprang full tilt at the mirror, his chair in his hands, and hurled himself into its depths.

This is how it looked, but when they crowded around it was only another uncanny fact that Durant's body had slipped to the floor, and he lay dead without one mark.

The record sang on: "Thou Art Mine Own, Thou Art Calling, Calling, Calling," and then it stopped short.

"Good God! Have we murdered him, too?" cried Marvin.

"No, only released him," gravely answered Gregorio.

Send us a one-cent stamp to cover postage, and we will mail you a copy of "Moving Picture Stories."

COPPER ESKIMOS' SUPERSTITION

THE strange lives and beliefs of these little known inhabitants of this out-of-the-way land, the Copper Eskimos, are made known in official reports of the Canadian Arctin expedition of 1913-18, soon to be published. It is the work of D. Jenness, ethnologist with the southern party of the expedition.

Here is the Copper Eskimos' conception of our universe, as told by Mr. Jenness:

"A flat and unbroken expanse of land and sea—the earth—covered over during the great part of the year with snow and ice; of undefined limits but stretching farther than any man knows; at each of its corners a pillar of wood holding up the sky; above that, on its surface, another land abounding in caribou and other animals like our own earth; wandering across this upper expanse semi-spiritual beings, the sun, the moon and the stars."

To the Copper Eskimo the sun and moon are semi-human, or, at least, the abodes of semi-human beings, the sun being a woman and the moon a man. The mountains of the moon are the man's dogs, according to one account; according to another they are a woman with her dogs behind her, for once she came down to earth and the shamans (mediators between the Eskimos and the supernatural world) tied a rope around her and hoisted her to the sky again. The weather, spoken of as a man, moves along the sky and as he walks the sun goes down.

The stars were human beings or animals before they ascended into the sky. Orion's three-starred belt is composed of sealers who never returned to camp.

The Copper Eskimos believe that many strange and only semi-human races surround their land. The Indians, they feel, may be human, but the peoples far from them are altogether strange. "After we had been in their country over a year," writes Mr. Jenness, "it was announced as a great discovery one day that the white men were no different from the Eskimo."

Birds and animals, think the Copper Eskimos, can be offended by scornful words and the hunter who mocks the caribou or seal will be suddenly stricken down by illness or dogged by constant ill luck. Not only must the Eskimo propitiate the shades of his human dead, but also the spirits of the animals he kills.

"The religious doctrines of the Copper Eskimos," Mr. Jenness asserts, "bring them little or no comfort. Mysterious and hostile powers, invisible and incalculable, hem them in, as they believe, on every side, so that they never know from day to day whether a fatal illness or misfortune will not strike them or their families—from no apparent cause, and for no reason, save the ill will of those unseen foes.

"Death rolls back the gate, not of a happy hunting ground, or of a heaven of peace and happiness, but of some vague and gloomy realm where joy and gladness must surely be unknown."

But there is a more human side, Mr. Jenness explains. Their main distractions are singing and dancing. Practically all their songs are dancing songs.

"There is a good deal of back-biting and scandal-mongering," the ethnologist explains, "especially among the women, who will sit and talk scandal for hours."

Another Deluge May Come

FEW subjects are more fascinating than what will the end of the world be. Will it come in a fiery cataclysm? Or, will heat die away and all life expire under an intense cold? Or will there be a deluge? Some leading geologists have it that this last appears to be more probable than either of the others. Maybe the history of the earth will repeat itself then.

When the Antarctic ice cap began to form eons ago it commenced pulling the waters of the world over the equator into the Southern Hemisphere. There are prehistoric sea margins which to-day reveal that the ocean once stood at a much higher level than it does to-day.

In British Columbia and southward— along the Rocky Mountains, Andes, and highlands of South America—and on the mountain sides and summits of the Old World, these tidal records are found; and everywhere at an average of a thousand feet higher than at present.

It has been averred the enormous mass of water now missing is contained in the ice cap of the Antarctic. And the ice cap, increasing in immensity and weight, has slowly but surely displayed the centre of the earth's gravity to the southward until it is two or three miles from the position held before the ice cap began to accumulate.

Some scientists deduce more than that. The development, they state, of the immeasurable glaciers at the South Pole is reaching the point which may immediately precede the eruption of them into parts. Then at any time after this danger has come about the breaking up of those many billions of cubic miles of ice will let loose all the accumulated waters of the Southern Hemisphere. And it comprises four-fifths of the entire waters of this globe. These waters, when thus freed, will set in a flow northward.

They will surge across the equator, bearing on their surface the gigantic remains of the Antarctic ice cap. This oceanic cataclysm will gradually sweep upon Australasia and Africa, and invade the low-lying lands of Asia and the Americas and Europe. These will be flooded hundreds of fathoms deep, and the ice fields still afloat remold in their passage the higher contours of the deluged lands. Only the mountain-tops can escape.

The disintegration of the glaciers and ice ranges of the Antarctic spells the end of this world to all its inhabited continents, for the waters will engulf them. Mankind will flee to the mountain-tops. And where for ages all has been ice and snow, as at this day, a new hemisphere will come into existence, and life will slowly evolve itself once more.

But may not something similar have occurred in the primordial past, and proceeding from the Arctic? The Deluge, apart from the biblical relation of it, is discredited in many quarters to-day. Yet there is no tradition so universal in general terms. It cannot be accounted for on the hypothesis that nations in the same stage of civilization arrive at nearly the same results, for the tradition of a deluge has not been—and is not—confined to civilization. Nor is it to be accounted for by immigrant influences from Asia, invading, say, the Pacific region and the Americas.

What did that good scientist, the late Lord Salisbury, once say? That science is half imagination. But science is deadly accurate.

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THE AFFAIR ON THE HIGHWAY

BY

J. CHATTERIS LIVETT

THE accident on the Lake Highway had taught Jimmie Mason a much-needed lesson, and taught it thoroughly. When, through sheer carelessness in driving his big, high-powered car at fifty miles an hour along the new concrete road, a fellow creature had been landed in the hospital with a badly shattered leg, Jimmie did some serious thinking and made a resolution. At the outset it is necessary to say that Jimmie profited by this harrowing experience and that his resolve was solemnly kept. His father had made some extremely unpleasant remarks concerning "wild oats" and the resulting unprofitable crop, which had the desired effect of checking Jimmie abruptly in his happy-go-lucky mode of living. Besides, just about this time he proposed to Sylvia Day, and that very desirable young lady accepted him. So, for her sake if not for his own, Jimmie made up his mind to go mighty carefully in the future.

As, with Sylvia by his side, he drove away from the theatre, Jimmie Mason thought of that motor accident of six months ago, and wondered how he could have been such a darn fool. Anyway, he mused, it was all over and done with now. He drove Sylvia home and, having employed a few minutes profitably in saying good-night, steered his car through the city limits and out along the fine white country road. It was a glorious night in early October, with a full moon floating leisurely across a cloudless sky and lighting up the autumn landscape with startling clearness. Jimmie sped smoothly along the highway, keeping well within the speed limit. He was in no hurry to reach home, and the ten miles to Redwoods would be speedily covered, even at this leisurely pace. After the hot, sticky atmosphere of the theatre, the cool night air was like a refreshing plunge following a strenuous football game, and he was in the mood to enjoy each moment to the full.

Two or three miles from Redwoods the road cut through a few acres of thick, uncleared timber. Tall trees towered by the roadside, casting heavy, black shadows, which fled beneath the searching glare of the big headlights.

Suddenly, about halfway through this natural tunnel, Jimmie stretched forward in the low seat and instinctively crashed his foot on the brake. Even while he did so he knew it would be too late. There flashed a momentary glimpse of a figure ahead, reeling in the roadway; then, as the car lifted and

swerved to the left, came a sickening crunch from beneath the front wheels.

With a horrible sense of disaster, Jimmie brought the heavy car to a standstill and leaped to the ground. There, lying between the wheels of the machine, was the crumpled body of a man—quite still. Mechanically he knelt down and dragged the limp burden into the bright pool of light cast by the lamps and as he looked at the blood-stained face he saw that his victim was dead. He was an elderly man, of medium build and height, and with thin, iron-gray hair. The glazed eyes stared vacantly upward with a ghastly look of surprise, and from a hideous wound in the head the blood showed crimson. He wore a well-made brown tweed suit, and on the grass by the roadside lay a cap of the same color and material. Frantically Jimmie bent over the huddled form, seeking vainly for some sign of life. As he tried to lift the body from the hard pavement strangely disjointed thoughts flashed through his whirling brain. He could not imagine how this awful thing had happened. All the way from the city he had kept a vigilant eye on the road, and certainly there had been no sign of any one in his path. It had all occurred so suddenly. Unaccountably the unlucky man had stumbled immediately in front of the car, only a few short feet from the murderous wheels.

With profound relief Jimmie heard the approach of hurrying footsteps, and a man ran up towards the prostrate figure. The newcomer was of large build and there was an angry scowl on his dark face.

"You blithering idiot," he began furiously, "what did you expect? I was watching you from my gate up yonder. Why the devil can't you speed maniacs look where you're going?"

Jimmie stared blankly. He was so astounded at the stranger's manner and the direct accusation implied in his words that for a moment or two he could find nothing to say.

"Why, what do you mean?" he stammered at last. "There's some mistake here. I wasn't speeding. The car wasn't traveling more than twenty-two or -three at the outside limit."

"Don't try and get away with a tale like that. I tell you I was watching you racing down the road. Twenty miles an hour! Huh! Say forty and you'll be nearer the truth. Don't expect me to lie for you. This man you've done for was a friend of mine, and you're going to pay for it, too!"

"Well, of all the——" Jimmie commenced. Then he halted abruptly. This was no place to argue; later on the matter could be thrashed out. Meanwhile they had got to rush the unfortunate man to the nearest doctor, in case there should prove to be a tiny spark of life, after all. With the stranger's help, Jimmie lifted the body and laid it gently on the rear seat of the car. Then, through the night, they raced back towards the city.

At police headquarters and afterwards at the inquest, the stranger, who gave his name as Walter Leggo, held resolutely to his story of the fatal occurrence. He stated that Arthur Sims—the dead man—was a friend of his, and that they had spent the evening together at his house near the scene of the tragedy. About eleven-forty-five, when Sims left to catch the 12.10 train back to the city, he had accompanied his friend as far as the gate. It was a glorious night, and he stood at the gate watching Sims walk down the road on his way to the railroad station. Suddenly the lights of a car shone around a curve about a quarter of a mile away, and he heard the hum of a powerful engine as it tore along the highway. In his opinion the car must have been traveling at least forty miles an hour—perhaps more. He was just thinking that Sims would have to give the automobile a wide berth, when he saw it swing to one side. There was no cry, and for a moment he concluded that his friend was safe. Then the car stopped and the driver got out and went behind the machine. As soon as witness realized what had happened he ran down the road towards the scene of the accident and found Mason staring panic-stricken at his victim.

When questioned in his turn, Jimmie maintained that he had kept well within the speed limit all the way out from the city. He had watched the road closely, but there had been no sign of any person on the highway. Without any warning, the man Sims had lurched in front of the car right under the front wheels. He had stopped the machine at once, but too late to avoid hitting the man.

On the face of it things looked black for

Jimmie. In view of his previous accident on the same road, the authorities plainly mistrusted the truth of his statement. He was admittedly reckless, they argued; therefore it was more than probable that Mr. Leggo was right in his assertion that Mason was driving carelessly. As a final result of the preliminary investigation, Jimmie was committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter, without bail.

On the day following Jimmie's commitment, Sylvia Day left the elevator at the ninth floor of a huge office block and entered the offices of the Central Detective Agency. A small, dirty-faced boy, munching an apple, languidly inquired her business.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Ramsay at one-thirty," she explained. "Please tell him that Miss Day is here."

In a moment she was ushered into the detective's office.

"Mr. Ramsay," she began at once, "no doubt you have read the newspaper accounts of this terrible accident on the Lake Highway, in which Mr. James Mason is implicated?"

"Yes, Miss Day, I have," assented the detective.

"Then you are aware of the main facts. Mr. Ramsay, I am certain that Mr. Mason is being accused unjustly, and I have come to beg you to go further into the case, on our behalf."

The young man shot a keen glance at his visitor.

"Ours?"

"Yes. You wonder why I am so distressed over this ghastly affair. It will explain matters sufficiently, I think, if I tell you that Mr. Mason and I are engaged to be married."

"Is that so?" said Ramsay. "In that case I can readily understand your position, but, to be perfectly candid, I fear there is very little I can do."

"I am sure Jimmie is telling the truth," Sylvia said earnestly. "I saw him yesterday morning, and I am absolutely convinced that his version of the accident is the true one."

Mr. Ramsay smiled. "Of course, Miss Day, under the circumstances it is only natural that you should believe what Mr. Mason says, but I am afraid it is pretty clearly established that he ran down a man and killed him. Forgive me raking up the past, but you must realize that the accident Mr. Mason had last spring will weigh against him now and make it very difficult to prove that the car was under proper control. The only witness of the fatality was this man Leggo, and there appears to be no reason to doubt his word."

"That's just what I can't understand," said Sylvia. "From what Jimmie has told me, I feel sure that Mr. Leggo's statement is wrong. And yet he is so persistent in his assertion that Jimmie was speeding. It's all so bewildering. Oh, I simply can't bear to think of Jimmie being in prison! It's too awful. I beg you to help me!"

"Believe me, Miss Day, I am anxious to do so if I can," Ramsay assured her. "But what do you suggest? What course can we take?"

"See Jimmie, please. Let him tell you his story, and I am sure you will think as I do. Then you will know what to do."

"Oh, shall I?" smiled the detective. "I am afraid it won't be quite as easy as that. However, there is no harm in hearing Mason's version of the affair from his own lips, and I'll go over and arrange to see him now."

A look of deep gratitude came into Sylvia's face.

"Thank you, Mr. Ramsay," she murmured. "I feel happier about Jimmie already. Somehow I am confident he will soon be free again."

An hour later Sylvia was called to the telephone.

"Hello," hailed a vaguely familiar voice. "That Miss Day? This is Ramsay, Central Detective Agency. I've seen your friend, Mr. Mason, and I'm going to follow up this case. I'll look over the ground and keep you posted if anything turns up."

Having telephoned the anxious girl, Ramsay jumped into his little two-seated car and sped along the highway to the scene of the accident. Arriving there, he turned the car around against the grassy bank, and sat for some minutes making a general survey. Then he alighted from the machine and commenced a more detailed examination, studying systematically all the features of the locality. Bordering each side of the concrete was a narrow strip of grass about a foot wide. From the grass a sandy bank rose abruptly for several feet, and the ground above the bank was thick with trees and undergrowth. Ramsay walked slowly along the narrow ribbon of yellow grass,

searching diligently as he went. After a few minutes his keen eyes noted a slight imprint in the hardened surface of the sand. With a grunt of satisfaction he clambered quickly up to the ground at the top of the bank and disappeared among the trees. About twenty minutes later he emerged, carrying a heavy stick—an expensive one, to judge by its silver handle. He climbed into the car and laid the stick on the seat beside him, first placing a rug beneath it to prevent it sliding to the floor. Then, whistling gaily to himself, he put his foot on the starter and drove swiftly back to the city.

During the next few days Detective Ramsay was an extremely busy man. He plodded through stacks of police records, searching methodically for certain information. He obtained permission to examine the papers in Sims's city office, and made many journeys about the town in his little two-seater. Then, one evening, after placing a long, narrow paper parcel in the car, he drove once more along the highway and turned in at the gate of Walter Leggo's residence. He rang the bell and was shown into a small room, plainly furnished as a study. In one corner of the room was a cheap safe. At a desk placed in the middle of the study sat Mr. Leggo.

"Good-evening," the detective commenced cheerfully. "My name is Ramsay."

Mr. Leggo motioned him to a chair beside the desk.

"Yes, Mr. Ramsay. In what way can I be of service?" he said politely.

The detective placed his overcoat on a couch near the door and handed Leggo a card. The other took the thin strip of pasteboard and held it under the glow of the desk lamp. His face was impassive and betrayed no astonishment.

"Central Detective Agency," he laughed. "Really, I can't imagine what you can have to say to me unless, of course, your visit has something to do with the unfortunate affair of last week?"

"It has," answered Ramsay laconically, "quite a lot to do with that—er—unfortunate affair. If you will be good enough to grant me half an hour of your time, I should like to go a little more thoroughly into the details of the case."

"By all means," assented Mr. Leggo. "I shall be pleased to tell you all I know, although I can add nothing more to my evidence." He bent forward and took a box of cigars from the top of the desk. "Smoke?"

"Thanks, Mr. Leggo, I'll stick to my pipe if you don't mind. Now, with regard to my errand here to-night. I have looked over the evidence, and it seems to me there is an almost unwarrantable bitterness in your attitude towards the unlucky young man who killed Sims. Largely as a result of your statement, James Mason is arraigned on a charge of manslaughter."

"All I desire is that justice should be done, Mr. Ramsay," said the other calmly. "You must remember that Arthur Sims was a friend of mine—a very close friend, and it is only natural I should feel bitter towards the person who was the cause of his untimely death."

"Quite so," agreed the detective. "Then you had no grudge against Mason except for his responsibility for your friend's death? No other reason for desiring his conviction?"

"Certainly not. What an extraordinary question!"

"Maybe," said Ramsay. "Now, Mr. Leggo, I am going to try to reconstruct the events connected with the accident which occurred last Wednesday. I think you will find that my story is correct in the main, but if there are any slight discrepancies, perhaps you will be able to help me out."

"Yes, but I can't quite see the bearing this can have on the case," commented Mr. Leggo.

"No, possibly not," said the detective, "but you will presently, though, if you will pay close attention to what I am about to say." He moved his chair to one side, so that his face was in shadow, the strong light from the table lamp falling directly upon the other's features as he sat at the desk. This accomplished, he proceeded.

"About nine o'clock last Wednesday night Arthur Sims entered this house. He came out by the eight-fifteen train from the city, so I presume he would reach here by nine, or very shortly after. Is that correct?"

"Yes," assented Mr. Leggo rather impatiently. "Sims very frequently paid me a visit like that, but——"

"All right," Ramsay interrupted. "You stated at the inquest that it was simply a

friendly call. Now, I am prepared to prove that your statement was untrue; as a matter of fact, it was a deliberate lie—one amongst many. It was anything but a friendly visit. Now sit still, just where you are," he added sharply, as Leggo half rose from his chair; "it won't do you any good to get excited, and you've got to listen to me. Since last Wednesday I have gone to a lot of trouble to find out the exact relations between you and the late Arthur Sims. It's a case of 'birds of a feather,' and I don't suppose there's much to choose between the pair of you. You've both been trying mighty hard to get rich quick without doing as much as one honest day's work—the usual wild-cat schemes. Anyhow, Mr. Leggo, the fact that counts now is that you owed Sims quite a considerable sum of money—several thousand dollars—and it was to get that money that he came out here. He was wise to you, he knew you had been hauling in lots of unearned cash lately, and meant to get his share while the getting was good. It took you some time after he arrived to settle all the details of the transaction, but eventually you paid Sims the money and he probably gave you a receipt for the amount. Finally Sims left to catch the 12.10 train back to town, and you very kindly offered to see him as far as the gate. You took your hat and stick from the hall and then suggested a short-cut to the road through the bush. Now I don't know yet whether it was premeditated, possibly not, but at some time or other the idea came to you that it would be much easier sailing with Sims out of the way. Here was a good opportunity, and you made the most of it. Once in the bush between this house and the roadway you had him at your mercy, and with the heavy stick you so conveniently carried you foully murdered him then and there!"

Leggo sprang from his seat and thumped his fist on the oak desk.

"A pack of crazy lies," he shouted. "Every word is untrue!"

Ramsay quietly drew a revolver from his pocket and held it menacingly on his knee.

"I'll have to ask you to wait till I've finished, Leggo," he warned. "Where was I? Oh, yes! You foully murdered him. Then, when you began to realize what the consequences might be, you got scared and wondered when the body would be found. It was a nasty little predicament, but a brilliant idea soon entered your head and you lost no time in carrying it out. You dragged the body to the edge of the bush, where it meets the road. At that point the ground drops sheer down from your property towards the highway. From the bush above there is a slope of ten feet or so which, at the bottom, almost joins the concrete; in fact, it is only separated from the road itself by a very narrow strip of grass.

"Now, any heavy body falling, or thrust, from above would almost inevitably slide onto the highway. You waited till you saw a car approaching on your side of the road, and then, just before it passed, you flung the dead man down the steep incline, in front of the oncoming wheels. It is no wonder Mason couldn't account for not seeing the man before; he wasn't very likely to, under the circumstances."

In spite of himself, Leggo's face had turned a pasty yellow.

"Ridiculous!" he laughed shrilly. "Of all the crazy stories, this beats everything. Why, what reason should I have for killing Sims? I——"

"I have just told you why, as plainly as possible," retorted Ramsay. "You owed him several thousand dollars. Sims knew you had the money, and you were forced to pay him to get a receipt. Once having the receipt, you made up your mind to quiet him for good and all. By the way, suppose we have a peep in that safe of yours? Might be interesting, eh? I'll trouble you to open it, please."

"I shall certainly do nothing of the kind," snapped Leggo. "Confound your damned impudence and your cock-and-bull stories. What have you to do with my private affairs, anyhow? To-morrow I shall place the matter in legal hands, you miserable interfering sneak!"

"To-morrow, unless I'm greatly mistaken, it will be yourself who will be in the hands of the law," said Ramsay calmly. "Come on now, quick. Open that safe!"

Leggo's eyes wandered to the centre drawer of the desk, and stealthily his hand crept towards the handle.

Ramsay sprang up. "Cut that out now. I'm in no mood for any parlor tricks." He strode over to the desk and pulled open the drawer.

A loaded revolver was just inside, and he took it out and slipped it into his pocket. Then he turned again to Leggo. "For the last time, open that safe."

Cringing beneath the firm attitude of the detective, Leggo slowly crossed the room and for some minutes fumbled with the combination. Presently the door yielded.

"All right," Ramsay directed. "Now stand well back, behind the desk there, where I can keep you well in sight. I'll have a look in the safe myself."

The safe was divided into two compartments, each filled with a miscellaneous collection of books and papers of little apparent value. Ramsay scanned them rapidly one by one, and tossed them onto the desk. Suddenly, as he neared the bottom of the pile, he uncovered a thick black wallet. He snatched it up and turned again to Leggo.

"You're a bigger fool than I thought. This wallet belonged to Sims; his initials are stamped right across the front. You felt so sure of your little scheme that you didn't even take the trouble to get rid of it." He counted silently for a minute. "Seven thousand dollars, and Sims's receipt as well," he remarked as he replaced the bills in the case. "Apparently you were not too scared to remove this from the dead man's pocket before tossing him beneath Mason's car."

"I didn't kill him! I didn't kill him!" almost screamed Leggo. "I robbed him, yes, but I swear I didn't kill him. He was knocked down by Mason's automobile, just as I said."

"I suppose you're going to try and make me believe that you don't possess such a thing as a cane, Mr. Leggo," said the detective.

The other looked up sullenly.

"No, I don't. Never used one in my life."

"Whew! When it comes to lies, Leggo, Ananias has got nothing on you! Why, damn it all, I could almost overlook your killing Sims, though God knows that is horrible enough; but to deliberately fasten the crime on a young man like Jimmie Mason—why, you are a rotten, dirty skunk!"

"I didn't kill him, I tell you," the other repeated. He glanced at his accuser, and a crafty, shifting smile wavered on his face. "Go ahead and prove it, if you're so almighty clever. The paltry fact that Sims's pocket case is in this house don't make me his murderer. The money is mine, anyhow. Go right ahead and see what happens to you; you haven't got any real evidence."

Without replying to this outburst, Ramsay turned to his overcoat spread out on the couch, and removed a long, narrow parcel from its folds. He leisurely unwrapped it and displayed the heavy stick with the silver handle which he had found in the bush.

"Ever seen this before?" he asked, holding the stick before Leggo's eyes.

"No," defiantly.

"I have, however, definite proof that it belongs to you," went on the detective evenly. "Absolute, definite proof."

"Well, what of it? That don't get you anywhere!"

"Is that so? Just look at this, will you?" Ramsay held the stick near the lamp, so that the handle with its heavy filigree of silver shone brightly under the electric light, and pointed to a fragment of frayed brown cloth caught in the silverwork. It was a narrow strip scarcely an inch long.

"You see that? At the time Sims was killed he was wearing a brown tweed cap. I examined that cap, and there is a small piece of the material missing. If you will study this closely, you will find that it is a tiny fragment of brown tweed, and I can assure you that it matches the other perfectly, both as to color and size. When you struck Sims the stick caught in his cap and tore away a shred of the cloth. Here it is!"

Leggo sank down, with his face buried against the desk. He pounded the woodwork with his clenched fists.

"Stop! For mercy's sake, stop!" he wailed. "It's no use. I can't hold out any longer. You're right; I did kill Arthur Sims!"

Ramsay nodded. "I've been pretty sure of that for some time. Now, Leggo, get behind the desk there out of harm's way while I use the phone."

He reached for the instrument and gave a city number. Presently he was speaking to Miss Sylvia Day.

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The Voice of Horror

By GERARD and BEATRICE LUISI

PART II

CHAPTER FOUR

THE last will and testament of old Mr. Carver had been read. Robert Osgood had become a member of the household, but he still kept the studio in Greenwich Village, and most of his working hours were spent there.

One morning about three weeks after the funeral Miriam was seated in the morning room. Her husband had gone down to his studio. Bolton, the staid and elderly butler, was putting away the breakfast silver. He seemed to be taking an unnecessarily long time about it, and at last his manner attracted Miriam's attention.

"What is it, Bolton?" she smiled. "I know you have something to tell me, and don't know how to begin. Let me hear what it is."

"Yes, Miss Miriam—I mean Mrs. Osgood," stammered Bolton, "I have got something to tell you, but I am not sure that I ought to say it to you after all. Maybe I ought to tell Mr. Osgood."

"What is it about, Bolton?"

"It's about something that happened the night your grandfather died, a short while after you left him."

Miriam felt a sudden cold fear take possession of her, but she could not tell why. However, she merely said quietly:

"Tell me about it, Bolton."

"Well, miss, after you left the house in such a hurry, I waited a while in the lower hall, thinking your grandfather might ring for me. But he didn't ring, though it was past his bedtime. It was very still in the library, and all I could hear was the rustling of papers. Suddenly your grandfather cried out as if in fright:

"'My God, what's that?'

"It was quiet for a while, and then some one started talking in a mumbling, chattering sort of way that made my blood run cold. I couldn't understand what the person was saying. I'm not even sure that he was speaking English. I hadn't known that there was any one with your grandfather, and of course I couldn't interrupt. I was shaking all over, for somehow it seemed that that voice didn't sound right. I went upstairs to my room to wait until I was sent for. I must have fallen asleep, for it was two o'clock when I awoke. I couldn't understand Mr. Carver's silence, so I went downstairs and tried the library door. It was locked. I called and rattled the knob, but there was no answer, so at last I got out my master-key and opened the door. You know the rest, Miss Miriam. I telephoned to the police and to Mr. Lawrence, the private detective, and the officers all reached here together. The coroner said it was heart disease that killed the old master, but if it was the man or whatever it was that was with him that night had something to do with it."

"Did you tell this to the police, Bolton?"

"I was just going to, ma'am, for the fat detective had just started in to ask me questions when you and Mr. Osgood arrived, and they sent the rest of us out of the room."

"Lawrence, the detective, said that things did not look right to him. Did you see my grandfather's face, Bolton?" Miriam asked almost in a whisper.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Bolton with a shudder, "and that's what makes me sure it wasn't just heart disease. He looked as if he had seen the devil." And Bolton shuddered again in superstitious dread.

"I am going to tell Mr. Osgood, and if he thinks it best to call in the private detective we will do so. I have felt that there was something wrong since that day, and now I am sure of it. What you have told me frightens me a little, Bolton."

"Maybe I shouldn't have told you, ma'am."

"No, no. You did perfectly right, but I think that you had better not mention it to any one else until we have seen Mr. Lawrence. You have not told any of the servants, have you?"

"No, ma'am."

"Very well. Keep silent about it."

The breakfast silver finally in its place, the butler turned to leave the room.

"By the way, Bolton," Miriam remarked, "I thought all the servants understood that they are not to get on that balcony outside my window."

"They all know that, ma'am. Which one of them was out there?"

"I don't know, but last night, about ten o'clock, I heard some one walking on the balcony and talking aloud. I was trying to write, and it made me very nervous."

"Last night, ma'am?" whispered the butler in horrified accents. "Last night was Thursday night, and none of the servants were in the house at ten o'clock except the cook and myself. She was in bed with a toothache, and I was in my room all the evening."

"Who could it have been, then?"

"I couldn't say, ma'am."

"You are sure it wasn't any of the servants?" Miriam's tone was worried.

"As I said, ma'am, there was nobody home but the cook and me. I was in my room the whole evening, and I could hear the cook in hers, which is next to mine, groaning with pain."

"Bolton, I distinctly heard some one walking on that balcony. He seemed to be muttering to himself. We must find out who it was."

"Yes, ma'am," but Bolton's face wore a look of horror, and as he left the room he murmured something that sounded like a prayer.

Robert did not return home for luncheon, and Miriam spent a restless afternoon trying to interest herself in one thing after another. She was nervous and worried. Although she hated to admit it, Bolton's words and manner had made a deep impression on her. Who could have been the mysterious person who walked on her balcony and mumbled to himself as he walked? Was it the same person who had been with her grandfather just before he died? Was he watching his chance to kill her? Miriam shuddered at the thought. If only Robert would come home. He always seemed to simplify things. She was never afraid when he was with her.

These and similar thoughts kept racing through Miriam's brain till at last she could stand it no longer, and going to the telephone, she called up her husband's studio.

As his voice came to her over the wire she sighed with relief.

"Robert, I am dreadfully nervous; won't you please come home?"

"Why, I'm pretty busy, but if you really want me I'll come. What's the trouble?"

"I'm worried, Robert. Bolton has been telling me something that has upset me. I think you had better have Mr. Lawrence come here."

"Anything wrong?" and there was an anxious note in Osgood's voice.

"I'm not sure whether there is or not."

"All right, dear, I'll get in touch with the detective right away and come home at once."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Robert. I know it's awfully silly of me, but somehow or other I feel so apprehensive, as if something were going to happen."

"Don't worry. I'll be with you soon. Good-by."

"Anyhow I'm glad I called him," said Miriam to herself as she left the telephone. "Maybe there is nothing wrong around here, but I don't feel right. I'm glad he is going to send for that officer."

CHAPTER FIVE

MIRIAM wandered aimlessly about the house for about an hour when Robert and Geoffrey Lawrence arrived almost simultaneously.

The sight of them seemed to dispel her apprehension, and she felt like apologizing for having sent for them. In their presence her former fears seemed ridiculously childish.

"Now, Mrs. Osgood," said the detective, when they were all comfortably seated, "tell me what the trouble is. What have you found out that is new?"

"Oh, it seems so silly, Mr. Lawrence. I am afraid I am wasting your time by having had you come here."

"Not at all. Sooner or later I expected just such a call."

"You did!" exclaimed Miriam in surprise.

"Certainly. I told you and your husband when I was here before that I believed there was something unusual about your grandfather's death. That was why I offered my services. Since then I have made a few investigations on my own account, and I am more than ever convinced, although, of course, I cannot as yet determine in what manner Mr. Carver's death was brought about."

"You mean he was murdered?" asked Robert, while Miriam stared at the detective with dilated eyes.

"I'd rather not say just yet," Lawrence answered. "Suppose you tell me what made you send for me, Mrs. Osgood."

"Why," began Miriam hesitatingly, "I was feeling so worried and apprehensive."

"What made you feel that way?"

"Something Bolton told me and something that happened last night."

"We'll hear what Bolton has to tell later on. Let me hear from you what happened last night."

"About ten o'clock I was writing in my room, when I heard some one walking on the balcony outside my sitting-room window. The servants are not supposed to go out there, except in the morning to sweep and to clean the windows. The person, whoever it was, kept shuffling about and muttering to himself for about five or ten minutes. It made me dreadfully nervous, and I was just about to go out on the balcony when the muttering and shuffling ceased. The person who did it must have gone away, but the horrible tones of his voice impressed me."

"Did you hear any door or window close when the person left?" asked Lawrence.

"No, I don't believe I did."

"Is there any window or door opening on the balcony besides the windows of your room?"

"There is a door leading from the hall."

"Then one of the servants might have gone out on the balcony through that door."

"That was what I thought until I spoke to Bolton this morning." The nervousness had returned to Miriam's voice. "He declared positively that none of the servants were at home last night at ten o'clock except the cook and himself, and they were in their respective rooms. He is absolutely certain of that."

"I think I'll speak to Bolton, if you have no objections, Mrs. Osgood."

"Certainly," and Miriam rang for the butler.

Very shortly Bolton appeared. He seemed to know for what he was wanted and showed no surprise when the officer started to question him.

He reaffirmed positively that it could not have been any of the servants who had been on the balcony. His manner was worried and even frightened, and when Lawrence asked him the cause of his nervousness, he declared that he believed the person Mrs. Osgood had heard on the balcony was the same person he had heard in the library the night old Mr. Carver had died.

"Tell me what you heard that night, Bolton," the detective asked the butler with keen interest.

"Well, sir, just as I told Miss Miriam today, after she had left the house that night I waited in the lower hall for Mr. Carver to ring for me. As it was past his bedtime, I expected a ring at any minute, but he did not summon me."

"Did you generally wait in the lower hall for Mr. Carver to ring?"

"No, sir, but I knew he would be likely to want me to help him upstairs."

"I see. What happened?"

"Everything was quiet in the room except for the rustling of paper, when suddenly I heard Mr. Carver cry out in a terrified voice: 'My God! What's that?' For a little while everything was quiet, and then some one started mumbling and talking in a most awful way. It was a horrible voice."

"You are sure it was not Mr. Carver who was talking," Lawrence interposed.

"It wasn't Mr. Carver, sir. Mr. Carver never spoke again. This was a strange voice,

a voice that made my blood run cold. It didn't sound human."

"What do you mean by 'it didn't sound human?'"

"Just that, sir. I never heard any human being talk in such an awful blood-curdling way. You can think me an old fool if you like, sir, but I believe it was the devil himself; else why should Mr. Carver have such a look on his face when I found him?"

"Could you understand anything the voice of horror said?"

"No, sir, I couldn't, but the voice was horrible."

"Why didn't you call for help and open the door if you thought something was wrong?"

"I thought of doing that, sir, but in a little while the voice ceased speaking and everything was quiet. I thought perhaps it was all right, that I'd made a mistake and Mr. Carver would be very angry if I broke in on him. I was shaking all over, but I went upstairs to wait for his ring. I must have fallen asleep, for when I woke it was two o'clock."

"Mr. Carver had not rung for you?"

"No, sir. So I knew of course something was wrong. I crept downstairs and tried the library door, but it was locked. Then I called, but there was no answer. I opened the door with my master-key and found Mr. Carver dead at his desk with that look of fright frozen on his face. Then I sent for you and the police."

"You didn't tell this to the city detective, did you?"

"I would have, but the coroner said the master died of heart disease before I had a chance."

"Then you don't think he died of heart disease?"

"I think he was frightened to death by the devil, sir," declared Bolton defiantly.

"You are right, Bolton; he was frightened to death, but not by the devil, although a devil may have had something to do with it. That will be all now."

As Bolton left the room Lawrence turned to the two others and said:

"What the butler has just told me fits in exactly with what I have discovered. I have an idea of how Mr. Carver met his death, Mrs. Osgood," he continued, without waiting for either of them to interrupt. "I think it would be well for you to occupy a different room to-night, one on the other side of the house if possible."

"Do you think there is any danger?" asked Robert quickly.

"I do," the detective gravely replied.

It had been growing gradually darker in the room, and the distant mutter of thunder warned them that a storm was brewing.

Bolton now came in to turn on the lights and draw the curtains.

"I must be going now," Lawrence said, glancing at his watch. "Don't forget to change your room, Mrs. Osgood. I think it is really necessary."

Robert walked to the front door with the officer, and Miriam rose to go upstairs.

"Bolton," she said as she was leaving, "tell the housekeeper, Mrs. Phillips, to get the room across the hall from mine ready for me. I am going to sleep there to-night."

"I'm glad you are, Mrs. Osgood."

"Why?" demanded Miriam curiously.

"I'm worried about your safety. Maybe you'll think I'm an old fool, but I'm badly worried about you."

A flash of lightning, followed by a crash of thunder, now came, and the storm burst which had been brewing all the afternoon.

"You give me the creeps, Bolton," said Miriam with a nervous little laugh. "Go and tell Mrs. Phillips to see that my new room is ready. I'm going to my old room to get some things."

CHAPTER SIX

WHEN Miriam entered her room she at once turned on the softly shaded electric lights on either side of her dresser, for although it was only five o'clock the storm made it as dark as night. The silence of the room was interrupted at intervals by the rumble of thunder, the sighing of the wind and by the clouds of rain which now fell. As may be imagined, these melancholy sounds did not tend to lessen Miriam's nervousness, and she hastened her preparations for moving across the hall.

She had been busy for perhaps a quarter of an hour when a sound from one of the French windows leading to the balcony attracted her attention. Thinking that perhaps the catch had not been securely fastened and had become loosened by the beating of the wind, Miriam turned toward the window to lock it.

She took a few steps and then stopped in fear. The window, which had been shaking violently, was now slowly but surely opening; not flung open by the wind, but as if moved steadily by some other unseen force. Miriam stood rooted to the floor in terror. Slowly the window opened, then a hairy hand and arm appeared in the aperture. With a wild scream Miriam turned and rushed to the door. Completely unnerved, her presence of mind gone, she jerked frantically at the knob, too terror-stricken to realize that all she had to do was to turn it in order to open the door. Scream after scream burst from her lips and, as if in answer, an angry voice began muttering and chattering back at her. It was the same voice she had heard on the balcony the night before. On hearing it, Miriam gave a stricken gasp, darkness seemed to envelop her, and she sank senseless to the floor.

Almost instantly Geoffrey Lawrence sprang through the window, a revolver in his hand. A figure bending over Miriam's senseless form turned with a snarl and sprang at the newcomer. The huge hairy hands closed tightly about the detective's back, and he realized instantly the hopelessness of trying to tear himself free from the grip that was quickly strangling him. He gave one look at the hideous face and fired twice in quick succession. There was a scream and the figure lurched to the floor, clawing wildly at its chest. In another minute it was still.

Robert, white-faced and trembling and followed by the frightened servants, burst into the room.

"What is it?" he gasped. Then catching sight of Miriam as Lawrence lifted her in his arms: "My God, is she dead?"

"No," answered the detective gravely; "only fainted, but she has had a terrible shock. You had better have the housekeeper put her to bed and send for a doctor. She must not be in here when she comes to."

Robert carried Miriam to the room across the hall and, placing her on the bed, left her in care of the housekeeper; then he returned to the other room.

The servants were huddled in a knot near the door, too frightened to enter. Only Bolton had advanced into the room and was looking in wide-eyed horror at the form on the floor.

The detective stepped to his side.

"There's your devil, Bolton. You see, after all, it is hardly human."

"But what—what—just who is it, sir?"

"A half-witted negro from one of the least known and most savage of the West India islands. He was a servant of Daniel Abbott, who picked him up while on a business trip to the West Indies. The creature had little or no mind of his own, and did exactly what Abbott told him. You see, he is hideously deformed; more like an ape than a man. The sight of such a creature creeping in on one out of the darkness and storm would be enough to frighten any one to death. That is exactly what happened to old Mr. Carver and what came near happening to Mrs. Osgood. The monster spoke a sort of unintelligible chatter which even Abbott could not understand at all times. That was the inhuman voice which you and Mrs. Osgood heard."

"The voice of the devil," muttered Bolton; "the voice of horror."

"Yes," replied the detective, "it was a voice of horror, but it's stilled temporarily now. Sorry I had to half kill the poor devil, but if I hadn't shot the chances are he would have got both Mrs. Osgood and myself."

Just then Robert Osgood came in and examined the wounded negro. "I heard you telling Bolton that Daniel Abbott owns this half-wit, Mr. Lawrence," he remarked. "That fact looks very suspicious to me."

"It is certainly significant," answered the detective. "At the time of Mr. Carver's death I discovered this fellow's trail leading to and from the room in which the old gentleman was found. I trailed him directly to Abbott's residence, but imagined he was a huge ape. By shadowing the house I learned more about him, and had a suspicion that he was in some way connected with Carver's death."

"And now," began Robert.

"Now I am positive that he frightened the old man to death; moreover, I have a hypothe-

sis that Abbott, believing Carver had disinherited Miriam, sent the negro to kill the aged man. He probably expected that Carver had signed the second will in his favor, and was anxious to get his hands on the money. Of course I have no evidence of this, and Abbott is too cunning to betray himself. But the clues indicate that my surmise is correct."

"But the second visit of the degenerate to my wife——"

"Oh, it is likely Abbott sent him to finish Mrs. Osgood, as he would inherit her fortune at her death, according to the terms of the first will. It's lucky I had not left the premises, or he would have carried out his diabolical design."

"How about arresting Abbott on suspicion and trying to wring an admission of the truth from him?"

"It might work. I'd have to get a warrant to do it, though. Here comes an ambulance to carry the negro to the hospital. I'll run over to Abbott's before he gets wind of what happened to his degenerate."

The detective hurried away. A couple of internes now came in with a stretcher and examined the wounded man.

"Flesh wounds. He will recover," one of them commented. "And judging by his appearance, he will become a State charge in one of the institutions."

After they had gone Miriam recovered and learned all that happened.

By the time Robert finished his explanations the detective came bustling in with a cynical smile on his face.

"As I half expected, Abbott has fled," he announced. "Must have got wind of what happened to his confederate. I traced him by phone to a South American pier where he embarked. The steamer is on the ocean by this time."

"Let him go," suggested Miriam wearily. "Let the matter drop. I'm sick of it. It is only problematical if his arrest would end in a conviction anyway. Our troubles are ended, and we want to live in peace."

The detective agreed with her and, bowing, he withdrew.

(*The end*)

A NEW SHORT SERIAL
Begins in our next issue. Watch for the startling detective story
"THE ROOM WITHOUT WINDOWS"
By Laura Reid Montgomery

LARGE SUM IN BOUNTY FOR WOLF AND COYOTE

AS a result of the bounty of $2 for each coyote or wolf which was offered by the Commissioners' Court of Bailey county, Texas, many of these predatory animals have been killed during the last few months.

Only a few days ago two professional trappers, U. F. King and W. C. Murray, brought in 165 scalps of coyotes, for which they received $330. These scalps were the result of five weeks' work. In addition to the money that they received from the scalps they sold the skins of the animals for an average of $3 each, making their total income from the five weeks' work $825. Besides the killing of coyotes and wolves by these two men many cowboys made neat sums from the sale of scalps and skins.

Although the campaign against wild animals which infest the ranches of West Texas is being carried on on an extensive scale it will be several years before entire relief is obtained from their depredations, it is expected. Upon many of the larger ranches, professional trappers and hunters are constantly employed. These men spend their time hunting and killing Mexican panthers, lobo wolves and coyotes.

It has been estimated that one Mexican lion upon a ranch will slay enough calves and grown cattle in the course of a year to pay the salary of half a dozen professional hunters. The same is almost true of a big wolf. The coyotes will attack and kill very young calves and sheep, and are especially destructive to ranch-house poultry.

FALSE FINGERS

BY

KENNETH DUANE WHIPPLE

CHAPTER ONE

THE abode of "Slick" Edwards did not in the least agree with the popular idea of a crook's "hang-out." It was neither a foul, dimly lighted underground room reached by narrow, winding passages to which the light of day never penetrated, nor a tiny attic hidden beneath the eaves of some disreputable alley dwelling. On the contrary, Slick occupied a pleasant three-room suite on the second floor of the Minerva Hotel, a classy but not too conspicuous hostelry just outside the business section.

He had dwelt here unmolested for two years. Not exactly unmolested either; on several occasions the police had paid him a visit, and twice he had been invited to call at headquarters. But nothing so crude as an arrest or a raid had ever occurred. The local police knew and respected Edwards as one of the cleverest crooks in the city, and one of the hardest to "get the goods" on. Ostensibly he was a jewelry salesman, traveling for a vague out-of-town firm; and only Chief Bendon and his men suspected into what far fields his travels led him and in what strange commodities he dealt.

As Edwards entered from the hall, locking the door behind him, he looked even less like a crook than his rooms did like a rendezvous of criminals. A big, jolly, well-dressed man, with a hearty manner and a convincing laugh, he might have stood as a representative of a score of honest professions, none of them among the half-dozen shady callings which were in reality at his fingertips. It was only his hard agate eyes, set a trifle too close together, that gave an inkling of the man's real nature—crafty, cruel and merciless.

To-night these eyes held a malevolent chill, and the sensual mouth below curved in a sardonic, pitiless smile. For Slick was going to put over a local "job"—a thing which he seldom undertook, and then only when actuated by some adequate motive. This time there were two motives—revenge and a woman. He clinched his diamond-ringed hand with a peculiar slow, gripping motion, like a tiger sheathing and unsheathing its claws.

"Oh, Dud!" he called. "C'mere a minute!"

"Yes, sir," a voice from the next room replied. "Coming, sir."

The undersized, slightly built figure which appeared in the doorway, meek and unobtrusive, with pale, deferent eyes and thin, servile hands, was a perfect type of stage valet. But Dudley Davis rendered to Slick Edwards

other service than that of valet, less patient perhaps, but decidedly more valuable; and that deceptively inoffensive exterior masked a brain that the underworld gave the lion's share of the credit for Slick's clever coups.

He had been with Slick for nearly five years now. Those who knew the latter only in his rôle of salesman marveled at his succes in retaining the services of this excellent valet; those "in the know" wondered even more at the queer coalition. Invariably Slick took all the glory of the partnership's success; his treatment of the little man was often careless, sometimes contemptuous. But in all the five years he had never had occasion to question Dud's loyalty.

Deftly he relieved Edwards of his hat, coat and cane; the farce of master and man was frequently maintained, even when no third person was present. But once in the next room, behind closed doors, Slick turned to him eagerly, dropping the polished manner he could assume so effectively.

"All ready for to-night?" he asked.

Dud nodded in silence.

"Get them gloves—the special ones—back from Jimmy's?" continued Slick.

The little man seemed to hesitate.

"Yes, I got 'em, Slick," he said, with a worried look on his thin face. "But I—I wish you wouldn't use 'em."

The big crook stared in amazement.

"Wouldn't use 'em!" he roared, forgetting for the moment the desirability of keeping his voice low. "Say—whaddya think I'm doing this job for—the fun of it? The swag—the kale; that don't matter this time. It's getting the goods on Bill Curtis; that's what!"

"Aw, whatcha wanta frame Bill for?" whined the other. "You know he's tryin' to go straight—has ever since that last job with you; ever since he met Sade that night at the dance. Let him alone, Slick! He ain't done nothin' to you!"

Slick's eyes narrowed to evil slits, and his fingers clenched fiercely about the cigar in his left hand.

"Listen here, Dud!" he said in a cold voice. "When Bill Curtis quit me cold last summer I swore I'd get him, and I will! I've been waiting for a good chance, and this is it! Sade ain't going to marry a jailbird, you know that! Well, that's what he'll be the minute the police get their eyes on him to-morrow morning!"

"Aw, give him a chance!" begged Dud. "He's cut out the crooked stuff, and——"

"Yeah, that's what they all say," sneered Slick, flipping his broken cigar into the fireplace. "But the police are wise to that old gag. They'll give Bill the laugh in the morning. It's all off with Sade's sweetie; that is, if you did your part of the job right!"

He whirled suddenly on the other, suspicion leaping to his eyes.

"Lemme see them gloves!" he demanded.

Dud went to the little safe in the alcove. From the upper drawer he took a flat package wrapped in transparent oiled paper.

"Better handle it careful," he admonished. "I just got 'em this morning; I ain't undone 'em."

Slick's face cleared as he looked at the rubber gloves, clearly visible through the transparent covering. They were laid flat, back to back, these "special" gloves. And upon the four fingers and thumb of each hand, like a graft of skin upon a burn, had been placed a thin panel of rubber, whorled and lined and creased with tiny marks.

"They say Jimmy's the only guy in this burg that could fix up a swell job like that," he said admiringly. "I've never taken so much stock in this finger-print business; I got the dope on this from Spider Keyes in N'Yawk. You know more about the stuff than I do; that's how I come to let you do the business with Jimmy."

"Yes," said Dud.

Edwards laid the package down on the table, but continued to gaze at it approvingly.

"Some class, eh?" he said. "It was no cinch to get a set of Bill's finger-prints, but it was sure worth it. Say, Dud, you'd never think that Bill Curtis was tied up as tight in them little marks as if he was behind the bars this very minute, now would you?"

"No," said Dud.

Slick warmed to his theme, pounding the table exultantly.

"That guy Finnegan down to headquarters'll eat this up, too; he's the finger-print bug, you know. And I know darn well that he's got Bill's on file there—and mine, too, for that matter—from the Thorwaldsen job back in

nineteen-eighteen. It's a cinch, Dud; a lead-pipe cinch!"

But Dud, far from sharing Slick's enthusiasm, looked at the big man pleadingly. Slick stared back with contempt and a touch of anger in his cold eyes.

"What's eating you?" he grunted. "Sade'll have me, won't she? What's she care for Bill Curtis, anyway?"

"She—she thinks a good deal," faltered Dud. "She's straight, Sade is. And she wants a man that's straight, too."

"Well, I'm straight, ain't I, as far as Sade knows?" retorted Slick menacingly. "You've never told her nothing different; you don't dare to! You see, the poor, innocent kid don't know but what you're straight, too; but she'll find out something else again one of these fine days, if you don't quit trying to run my business—see? Shut up now, and get the stuff ready; we've got to be going."

He rose from the armchair into which he had flung himself and crossed the room toward the fireplace. Dud caught him by the sleeve.

"Slick, I wish——"

The big man's hand shot out and grasped Dud by the wrist, twisting it sharply in a cruel wrench that brought him to his knees in a hurry.

"Can it, I said!" he snarled. "Get a move on now; it's past eleven!"

Without a word the little man rose to his feet and went into the next room. Slick paced up and down before the fireplace, his mind running over the reported "lay" of the Melvin house on Western avenue, fixed upon as the scene of that night's operations. The Melvins were swells; there ought to be some good swag in the safe as a remunerative side issue to the robbery planned with the main object of "queering" his rival.

"He won't look so good to her once he's in the pen," he thought venomously. "The dirty crook! What right had he to cut me out with Sade? And Dud, he don't help me, not a damn bit! He ought to give me a drag with Sade, but he don't! If I thought——"

Dud reappeared, in his hand a neat leather bag such as any week-end visitor might carry. Its contents, however, was vastly different from the ordinary luggage of an honest man, consisting chiefly of cold steel in various forms and shapes.

"Ready," he said briefly.

Slick slipped on his hat and coat. Then he picked up the glove parcel from the table and dropped it into his pocket.

"Let's go!" he said.

Western avenue was less than a dozen blocks away. Slick and his companion, disdaining the trolley, walked slowly down the nearly deserted street. The few pedestrians abroad at that hour saw in them merely a prosperous business man, accompanied by his servant, returning from a short trip.

Half an hour later the two stood motionless in a pitch-dark room just inside one of the rear windows of the Melvin home. Their entry had been accomplished noiselessly, but not for a good five minutes did Slick stir a muscle. Then he boldly drew his electric torch and cast its rays about the room, visualizing every entrance and exit, every piece of furniture which might hamper a speedy retreat. Stepping over to the heavy portieres across the double door at the right, he listened intently.

"All clear," his lips breathed into Dud's ear. "Safe's in there. Take the light and slip the gloves on me."

Dud's sensitive fingers slit the thin paper protecting the precious gloves. Groping for Slick's outstretched hand, he carefully drew over it the right glove, holding it by the extreme edge of the wrist. Then he fitted the other hand in similar fashion, careful not to touch the forged finger-tips.

"On?"

"On."

Dud slid a second flashlight into Slick's gloved hand. The two separated.

It was nearly half an hour before Dud, at his post in the shrubbery beneath the window, heard a slight scratching sound in the direction of the portieres. He raised himself up and listened intently. It might have been a mouse gnawing in the flooring, except that it came three scratches and a pause, three more scratches and a pause—Slick's private signal.

For answer Dud, reaching over, tapped three twos on the sash—such a noise as a branch might make rubbing against a window pane.

Slick was one of the quietest workers in the business; safes were one of his specialties

when he cared to exercise his talents in that direction. Not a sound had been audible beyond the heavy hangings of the double door; his passage across the chair-strewn room had been equally noiseless. Not until Dud felt a firm grasp upon his arm did he realize that Slick was standing in the inky blackness just inside the window.

"Got 'em!" came a heavy, triumphant whisper. "Two thousand and some stones. All clear?"

"Yes."

With the agility of an acrobat, Slick swung his big body over the sill. Once out of the grounds and in the alley, he became loquacious.

"Enough proof in that room to convict a dozen men," he boasted. "Bill Curtis's finger-prints all over the safe door, and the floor, and everywhere. And on that flashlight, too, Dud; leaving that behind, all covered with marks, was a good stunt of yours. It'll look like he got scared away and lost it or something of that kind."

Dud shivered slightly in the cool night air.

"All right," he replied apathetically. "Say, ain't you gonna go home now, Slick? I want to get some sleep."

"Home, hell!" chuckled Slick, steering the smaller man across the street with a heavy hand. "We're headed for the Café Blue; I've got a date with a bootlegger there at one o'clock!"

It was noon the next day when Dud Davis, garbed in a red and blue bathrobe, opened the apartment door in response to persistent knocking. In the hall stood Tod Collins, one of Chief Bendon's plain-clothes men.

"Edwards here?" he asked.

Dud confronted him with an expressionless face.

"Asleep," he replied. "Whatcha want?"

Collins, pushing past, strode quickly to Edwards's door and opened it. One glance at the occupant of the disordered bed told him that Slick was not only asleep, but was half drunk as well.

"Get him up," ordered the plain-clothes man, turning to Dud. "He's wanted down at headquarters. And you'd better come along, too."

CHAPTER TWO

As Collins, with his prisoners in tow, entered the little side room at headquarters, Slick shot a quick glance at the two men sitting at the big desk under the high, narrow window. The first was burly Chief Bendon, head of the department, with fifteen years of better than ordinary police administration to his credit. The second, younger and of slighter build, was Captain Finnegan, the finger-print expert.

At sight of the latter Slick lost a trifle of his inward confidence, though nothing of his outward bravado. Hasty applications of ice water had pretty well cleared his head, and he felt himself a match for the whole department when it came to a battle of wits. It would not be the first time he had triumphed over them. Yet the sight of Finnegan, seated there behind an imposing array of papers and charts, sent a momentary chill through him.

Then he shrugged his shoulders. He had not made a slip the night before at the Melvin place; of this he was absolutely sure. From the moment he entered the house until he left his bare hands had touched nothing whatever. He didn't know what they wanted, but if the inquiry took the trend he deduced from the presence of Finnegan they had nothing on him as far as finger-prints were concerned.

With an ostentatious swagger he crossed the room to the chair indicated by Collins and sat down, pulling up his carefully creased trousers and settling his necktie with meticulous accuracy. Then he looked up.

"Well, gents?" he queried urbanely.

Chief Bendon did not keep him long in doubt as to the nature of the inquiry.

"Where were you last night, Edwards?" he demanded abruptly.

"At home," replied Slick with equal promptness.

"All evening?"

"No; I was downtown a while."

"What time?"

"Say, what's the idea?" protested Slick with well-simulated indignation. "I'm not on the stand or anything, am I?"

"Not yet," Chief Bendon replied significantly. His tone irritated Edwards, who al-

lowed no trace of his impatience to reveal itself in the hearty laugh with which he greeted this remark.

"Think you've got something on me, don't you?" chuckled the big man, deciding that he might as well force the issue. "Well, spill it; I'm listening!"

The chief leaned forward in his chair, his deep-set eyes fixed on the big, well-dressed man in front of him.

"Robbery last night on Western avenue," he shot at Slick. "Melvin house. Safe jimmied. Some of your work, Edwards."

Dud, from his chair in the corner, again credited Slick with an unusually good bit of acting. The latter's ingenuous, slightly puzzled face held no trace of the inward tumult of his thoughts. Only his greenish, close-set eyes stole warily to Dud's corner. The little man returned the look inscrutably.

"Now, listen, chief," protested Edwards, with an air of hurt surprise. "You don't——"

"Lay off that bluff, Edwards," cut in Bendon. "You're under arrest for the job. And don't try to ring in any alibi stuff on me, either. You're caught for fair this time, if I know anything."

The big crook looked incredulous and a trifle bewildered. He was hardly prepared for rapid-fire action of this caliber. Desperately he sought to fathom the source of Chief Bendon's assurance; his slightly befuddled brain refused to aid him.

"Well, whatcha think you got on me?" he demanded uneasily.

The chief exchanged glances with Captain Finnegan. Then he nodded to the finger-print expert.

"Step over here and register your fingerprints," commanded Finnegan.

"What for?" objected Slick. "I thought you had a set on file already."

"Yes, but I want a brand-new collection. Then I'll show you something."

The big man unwillingly complied, and as he slowly returned to his chair something akin to terror seized him. What hidden menace lurked behind all this? He glanced from one to the other irresolutely, fidgeting in his chair as Finnegan arranged the things on top of the desk, setting in order his ink pads and sheets of paper like a fussy old maid.

The chief looked over Finnegan's shoulder. Then he nodded again.

"Step here once more, Edwards," ordered the young man, a ring of triumph in his voice. He laid a sheet of paper before Slick.

"No use in my telling you anything about this business," he said. "You know that this system of identification is as near positive as anything can be. The chances of any two men having the same marks is one in so many millions that it doesn't count. You see this set of finger-prints? These are the ones you just made."

"Yes."

"Now look at these!"

With a quick motion he laid a second sheet beside the first. This was a strip of photographs—thumb and finger-prints—arranged to correspond in sequence with the prints Slick had just made.

And not only was the sequence similar, *but the prints of the fingers were identical on both sheets!*

Edwards gasped and turned ashy pale.

"Where'd—where'd you get those?" he demanded, pointing to the photographs. Sweat stood out on his forehead.

"From the safe door at Melvin's!" replied Finnegan triumphantly.

"They're not mine!" protested Slick desperately. "They're not mine!"

His eyes furtively sought the door. Collins, meeting his glance, stepped in front of the exit with elaborate carelessness.

"There's not another man living that has prints like yours, Edwards," declared Finnegan impressively. "You can't get around it."

A sudden thought came into the big crook's head. It was one chance in millions, but it must be right! Hadn't he put those prints on the safe himself with the forged fingertips? Why, it was the only possible explanation!

As he opened his mouth to speak a rap sounded at the door. Chief Bendon rose and stepped swiftly into the hall, returning in a moment with an enigmatic countenance.

Slick turned to him swiftly, ignoring Finnegan.

"Listen, chief!" he said hurriedly. "This finger-print dope is all wrong. I know it looks bad for me, but those aren't my marks!

There's another man with fingers like mine—*and I know who that man is!*"

Chief Bendon, waving aside Finnegan's frenzied outburst in defense of his pet system, looked steadily at Slick. After a moment he shook his head slowly.

"It's no use, Edwards," he said. "You see——"

"But listen!" broke in Slick. "The other man—just look him up on your records here! He's the one that did the Western avenue job last night; not me! And his name is Curtis—Bill Curtis!"

"It's no use, Edwards," repeated Chief Bendon, a hint of reluctant admiration in his tone. "It's clever, but it won't work."

"Why not?" demanded the other, mopping his forehead. "What do you mean?"

For answer the chief stepped to the hall door and opened it, admitting Detective Kerran.

"I mean," he replied, "that we not only have the finger-prints, but we have the stolen goods as well. Kerran has been up to your rooms since Collins brought you down here. He found this in one of the bureau drawers."

He took from the detective the stolen property and placed it on the desk. Too well Slick recognized the bundle of banknotes, the jewel cases. If he had not been drunk the night before he would have known enough to lock them up when he got home, no matter how sure he had been of pinning the blame on Curtis.

He stood speechless, stunned by the suddenness of the revelation. Gone were his plans for revenge, his hopes for winning Sade. But the idea swiftly flashed into his mind: at least there was left to him the opportunity of getting even with cocksure Finnegan! They had him anyway; he would tell the truth.

"Let me tell you something, chief," he said. "I'll give in; I'm guilty all right. But listen! This here was a spite job; I did it to frame Bill Curtis. And do you know how I worked it?"

He pointed a scornful thumb at Finnegan's outfit.

"For that job I wore rubber gloves," he said. "And they had Bill Curtis's finger-prints on 'em! Never you mind who fixed 'em up for me; that's something you'll never know. But all the finger-prints you saw at Melvin's was made with them gloves! And still you claim they're mine! Why, that fool system of yours ain't worth the powder to blow it to hell!"

The face of the finger-print expert was a study. Incredulously he turned to Kerran.

"We've got Curtis's prints on file, haven't we?" he said. "Bring them in here. If it's true——"

"They ain't Bill Curtis's finger-prints!" interrupted a high-pitched voice, so harsh and strained that all turned with one accord to look at the speaker. It was Dud, his pale face flushed with some unwonted excitement. A queer light flickered in his pale eyes.

Chief Bendon's keen eyes beneath their jutting brows noted the suppressed excitement which was fairly shaking the little man as he sat there, breathing fast, a spot of red in either cheek.

"What do you know about this, Davis?" he demanded gruffly.

At the sound of the chief's voice Dud seemed to recollect himself. He glanced slowly about the room with a peculiar pleading expression. When at length he spoke his voice was low and his pale eyes sought the floor.

"Five years ago I knew a girl," he said simply. "I was going to marry her. Another fellow cut me out. Then, after a while, he threw the girl over. She killed herself. Never mind who; it's an old story now except for me. The fellow didn't think I cared much; he didn't know I was watching him, working with him, waiting for a chance to get even; to kill him, maybe."

He spoke quietly, as though talking of commonplace matters.

"Then I began to get over the idea. If it hadn't been for Sade, my sister, I might have given it up. She was only a kid when the other happened; she's never known all these years that I've been a crook. Oh, yes, I suppose I'm confessing, too, but that doesn't matter. Well, now that she's grown up and nice-looking and all that, he wanted her. So did Bill Curtis. Bill said he'd go straight if she'd have him. She loved him, so she promised. Then *he* come along, trying to break it up. He couldn't do it; Sade thought too much of Bill. So he framed this."

Dud's eyes brightened and his voice rose shrilly.

"He had me get the gloves made for him," he said. "Always the dirty work; that's what I did for Slick Edwards. 'Put Bill Curtis's finger-prints on 'em,' he says. Well, I went him one better! It was no cinch, and I took a big chance, but I fixed it so Slick Edwards would leave his own mark on that safe, gloves or no gloves!"

Chief Bendon's eyes never left Dud's face. Slick, his lips drawn back in a noiseless snarl, glared at the little man with deadly hatred in his green eyes. The two detectives stared uncomprehendingly. It was Finnegan who broke the amazed silence.

"But—but how could you do it?" he gasped. "Didn't Edwards have on the gloves with the false tips?"

"Yes," replied Sade's brother quietly, *"but it was his own finger-prints I had put on the gloves!"*

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ORIGIN OF HORSESHOE SUPERSTITIONS

Of all the emblems of good fortune the horseshoe stands out conspicuously. It is not difficult to understand why lovers of horses came to adopt the horseshoe as a talisman against misfortune, for horses were considered to be essentially liable to the machinations of witches. This stands out in all the records of the Lancashier witches and other evil hags.

If precautions were not taken these mischievous witches would ride the horses at dead of night over the hills, and when the owner came to the stable in the morning he would find his animals in a lather and exhausted. A horseshoe fastened over the stable door was believed to ward off such evil.

Almost everybody considers it unlucky to pass a horseshoe on the road without picking it up. It is a sign emblematic of the greatest power. We are indebted for this statement to old tales, centuries old, that have descended from father to son, from mother to daughter, throughout the years.

But it is necessary to observe how the horseshoe lies before picking it up. If the ends are away from one the sign is that fortune will be within grasp, but by extravagance, carelessness or the operation of rogues it may depart. A sign to take care is given, therefore.

The right thing to do is to turn the horseshoe around so that the ends are toward the finder before picking it up. And in carrying it home it is correct to hold it with the ends upward, else the earth will attract to itself all the promised fortune.

When the shoe is nailed up on a door or window in its destined place the ends must be upward or the whole luck emblem will be nullified.

Instead of keeping evil spirits away the shoe in the wrong position, it is contended, will attract them.

It is supposed that the element of electricity enters into the matter. From the shoe proceeds a current of beneficent rays that with the end upward will spread over the house as a protecting influence; with the ends downward the good rays are thrown into the all-receiving earth, and with them many of the good influences that are about the place.

The luck of the horseshoe has a most respectable beginning. It is traced to the religion of the old Greeks and their sea god Poseidon, who was identical with the Roman sea god Neptune.

The Poseidon horses were sacred. He was believed to have created the first horse when he struck the ground with his trident and a horse sprang from the hole, which afterward became a spring. To him all springs were ascribed. In the shape of a horse he sometimes wandered by the shores of his ocean domain, and where he struck his hoofs deeply there the waters gushed out and permanent springs were formed.

This is the reason why horseshoes are considered lucky.

Short-Change Men

NEARLY everybody knows more or less about all the attendant features of a circus—the side show, the horse tent, the cooking tent, the dressing-room, the red-lemonade man and the peanut fiend. But not many people, even among the foxy old-timers, who have patronized circuses for forty years, know much about the "short-change man." His victims are many, but they prefer not to trumpet their fish-like quality from the house-tops. They swallow their chagrin and keep silent, while they economize in a number of ways to get even on the money that the short-change man has taken.

A number of years ago I ran across one of the most accomplished short-change workers in this country, and got well acquainted with him. He didn't suspect me of being a magazine man, and in the three months that I knew him I didn't enlighten him. He grew very confidential and chatty, and gave away to me the innermost secrets of his craft. He was a little slim fellow, of Irish extraction, and as bright and sharp as a new needle. He had a way of tilting his head back and looking at folks with half-closed eyes, while he smiled slightly, that was clever enough to make a great hit in a dramatic creation.

It was perfectly fetching, but the fine contempt he had for the "suckers" whom his kind bled, and the way he had of speaking of them, was much more so. It was winter time when I knew him and he was resting until the season opened up. I approached him a dozen times to get him to tell me all about the short-change act before he became pliable. He would take a coin and palm it as cleverly as Mr. Hermann and laugh and turn away. But one evening he opened his heart to me.

I had been talking about the "telegraph" method of making short change, and he spoke up and said quite scornfully:

"That's no good! There's no money in that. You can get only fifty cents or one dollar out of that. There's lots of ways stronger than that!"

I asked him what they were.

"Well," he said, taking a roll of small bills, mostly ones and twos, out of his pocket, "they're worked this way; you do it with the 'long green.'"

He smoothed the bills out straight and caressed them affectionately.

"Ah! when these new ones were first issued," he said, "the boys worked all the banks in the country for them. They were the best graft the short-change artists ever struck. You see, they look a five or ten if you don't show the figure. Well, this is the way we take money away from the 'suckers.' You've noticed a lot of hustlers in the crowd selling tickets and saving people the trouble of getting in the jam at the ticket wagon, haven't you? Well, you naturally think they are hired by the proprietor of the show, because they sell tickets at the regular price. But they are not. They pay one hundred cents on the dollar for every ticket they sell, and they depend on their ability to swindle the buyers out of a few dollars now and then for their profit.

"A young man with his best girl comes along—or an old man alone, or a solid business man with two or three of his family; it doesn't matter who he is, they're all victims—and he sees a great crush around the ticket wagon. There isn't much chance of getting a ticket there in less than ten minutes, and here at his elbow is a young man with 'Choice reserved seats at regular prices! How many? We are here to relieve the rush at the wagon! No extra charge, sir. How many? and he says 'Two, please,' which, assuming that the man buys reserved seats, would be two dollars. He gives the young man a ten-dollar bill, or maybe twenty dollars—if there's any place on earth where a man will flash a big bill, and where he

hadn't ought to, it's at a circus. We'll say he offers him a twenty-dollar bill this time for the sake of illustrating the story. The young man takes it, puts it into his pocket, draws out a handful of bills, takes a ten, a two and five ones, and hands the lump to the buyer of seats. It is one dollar short, but the man has handled it so quickly and counted eighteen dollars out of it so easily that oftentimes the man takes it and goes, but the fakir is sore if he does not. If he is a cautious and knowing party who is 'dead onto' the tricks of these circus sharps, it suits the 'short-change man' exactly, for then he will carefully count his change and say:

"'Here, young man! You're one dollar short here. Only seventeen dollars here.'

"'Sure of that? Just count it again, please.'

"So he counts again, while the fakir watches, and when he has turned over the last bill he says, with the air of a man who knows too much to be cheated by these flip circus folks:

"'That's all—seventeen.'

"'Just let me count it, please!'

"Serene in the belief that he has cornered his man, the buyer hands it over, and the fakir takes the bills in his left hand, with the ten-dollar bill underneath, straightens them out, and then bends the whole bunch back over his left thumb. Then he turns them over, one by one, and they lie straight out—full length. When he reaches the last one he says:

"'You're right—my mistake and your treat,' or some such amiable chestnut, hands the bills back to the man, still at full length, goes down in his trousers pocket with his right hand and gets a silver dollar, which he shoves into the stranger's hand, laughs, says something about mistakes will happen,' slaps the man on the shoulder with a laugh, and is gone in the crowd, while the ticket buyer jams his money into his pocket and hurries into the tent where the elephants are bellowing.

"But the fakir has got the ten-dollar bill, because when he doubled that over in counting the seventeen he flipped it clear over, and his agile little finger crushed it into a very small wad, and held it there unnoticed, while the other fingers were free to use. And inasmuch as the 'sucker' has himself twice counted the bills, and has seen the fakir count them, he will swear that he has got all that belongs to him when he has compelled the fakir to go down into his pocket and fork out the silver dollar. He doubles up the bills without further examination and is gone.

"But the fine work doesn't end there. When the fakir laughingly claps his man on the back he puts a chalk mark on him which keeps all other fakirs away from him. He may try to buy red lemonade or peanuts or prize packages, or concert tickets, but he can't do it. The men he hails and beckons refuse to see him and pass him by. The reason is this: If they sell him something they might cause him to bring forth the roll of bills, in which case he would notice that the ten dollars was missing, and he would be apt to raise a row. But if one of them should overlook the signal and be instrumental in apprising the man of his loss he is compelled by a rule among the fakirs to stand the loss and restore the ten dollars or whatever sum it may be. In case a man gives up a ten instead of a twenty the fakir only makes five, and if it's a five he probably only makes one. You see there must be enough bills left in the wad so that the absence of one won't be noticed."

"That's a good scheme," I remarked, "but suppose when the robbery is complete the purchaser of the ticket should take a notion to count his money again?"

"There isn't one man in a thousand who will do it. You see he has counted it twice and has seen the other man verify his count."

"Yes, I know," I persisted, "but suppose he should count it; wouldn't the fakir be in a pretty bad boat?"

"Not in the least," he replied. "If such a crank should happen along, the instant he starts in to count the money the fakir drops the big bill from his left hand to the ground and catches the buyer by the arm with some exclamation as:

"'Look out there! You're losing something. You'll get the worst of it if you're not careful.'

"As he says this he either picks up the money and hands it to the man or points it out to him and moves away in the crowd. Maybe the man suspects that the fellow tried to rob him, but he has his money and can make no kick, and besides, the fakir has gone."

A POLICE CASE

BY

HAMILTON CRAIGIE

THROUGH the dense motor traffic of the avenue and across the thronged sidewalk the slim young man in dove-gray morning clothes slid like a shadow—and an unobtrusive shadow for all his sartorial elegance of faultless grooming.

Before the huge Renaissance portal of an ornate establishment—the great jewelry house of Gutelius & Son—he halted briefly, his gaze, sleepy-lidded like a falcon's, yet keen, eager, for all his apparent indolence of look and movement, surveying the crowded thoroughfare in one swift, flashing glance of hawklike appraisal.

It was a swelteringly hot day in mid-summer, but the cool smartness of the avenue, its perfectly appointed equipages, its gleaming motors, its modishly gowned women and sleek, scrubbed and tubbed males, its very fastidiousness of smooth elegance held but a single, jarring note: the gross figure of a sturdy beggar, standing at the entrance to the jewelers'—an ancient of days who, as the young man came forward across the walk, thrust forth a battered black derby hat, with the nasal singsong of his tribe, inducing the young man to part with a coin or two.

On a hot day a pair of black, dusty shoes epitomizes its discomfort, but there is nothing so depressing, so heat-producing, so utterly incongruous on a blistering city morning as a black derby hat.

Passing the mendicant, the young man's hand went to his pocket, flashed out and back, a coin fell into the hat with a soft thud; one might have sensed something almost of prestidigitation in the double movement, as if those facile, flashing fingers had been familiar with—card manipulation, for instance.

Followed by the mumbled blessings of the beggar, the young man sauntered into the shop. Here all was coolness and grateful deference and smooth, well-oiled efficiency after the turmoil of the dusty street.

Before the young man had advanced two paces into the—we will not call it "shop"—say, rather, lapidarium in excelsis, he was met and welcomed by a gentleman no less sartorially impeccable than himself. And in that brief flash of time, so perfect is the system at Gutelius's, the visitor had been weighed, appraised, catalogued, and the sum of the appraisal transmitted to the individual who now advanced to meet him.

The young man was not known, well or unfavorably; he was looking for something out of the ordinary; he would take something of value away with him; he would probably pay cash. That—and it is not as difficult as it sounds, for Gutelius's was the sum of the

information transmitted—telegraphed to the gentleman who intercepted the young man in dove-gray before he had advanced two paces into the shop.

"How do you do, sir!" he said, with the air of an ambassador addressing a prince of the blood. "Diamonds, sir?" with a down glance at the lustrous five-carat blue-white on the young man's little finger.

"Er—no," replied the visitor. "Pearls this time, I believe, thank you."

The clerk observed him with an accession of respect.

"Ah, quite so, sir," he remarked. "Pearls. This way, sir, if you please."

With the undulating, slow grace of a tiger, of a mountain cat, swift, unhurried, long-striding, the young man followed his guide, not to a counter such as one sees in a merely plebeian jewelry house, but to a black velvet altar upon which, each on its separate throne, reposed a dozen or more jewels, transcendent of their kind: pearls of a size and richness and of a price regal beyond even the casual regard of a millionaire.

But the young man's eye swept them indifferently—almost impatiently, one might have thought.

"Yes—very lovely," he said, "but I came to see the Charteris Solo, the *Noctis Margarita*, you know."

The gentlemen-in-waiting ("clerks" have no place in Gutelius's) was almost guilty of a lapse in his well-bred solicitude of interest.

"But—but, sir, *the* Black Pearl, sir."

He had been about to commit the *faux pas* of the petty shopman; the question of price had trembled on his tongue for one breathless instant. Then he recovered. And the price, in truth, would have been enough to have given even a millionaire at least momentary pause.

"Well, it's for sale, isn't it?" demanded the young man tartly. "Any objection to showing it?"

"No. Oh, no, sir. Certainly *not*, sir!" replied the clerk hurriedly. He put forth a reverent hand, fumbled a moment with a groping movement across an apparently empty square of the velvet, and withdrew his hand. Still reverently he slowly unclosed the fingers as one who performs a ceremonial.

He placed it in the young man's palm.

"It's listed at a hundred thousand, sir," he remarked softly.

With the air of a connoisseur the visitor turned slowly over in his palm the magnificent stone. Viewed under a strong arc which the clerk had lighted, the pearl showed a deep bluish lustre, shading to gray-black. It was about the size of a filbert.

"Gad!" exclaimed the young man. "What a—beauty! Poor Charteris!" he mused reminiscently. "It was all he had left, but it was enough. A hundred thousand, eh? Well, that's not too much."

He began to move slowly away from the light, open palm extended, head inclined critically, his nostrils seeming to draw together to a sharp point, his eyes narrowed to slits in his face, his head the falcon look strangely intensified, pronounced, the clerk following a few paces in his rear. For a moment they so remained, like figures in a frieze—priest and acolyte, flamen and thurifer; it was perhaps a dozen yards to the entrance.

High noon. The resplendent establishment of Gutelius & Sons was at full tide; discreet shoppers, suave gentlemen-in-waiting, subdued rustle of polite barter and sale, elegance to the last degree—peace. Without doors, at the intersection of the streets, there loomed the traffic policeman, majestic guardian of the law; in the throng, unobtrusive as had been the impeccable young man in dove-gray, moved plain-clothesmen in greater number than usual, drawn to the neighborhood by an increase in the illicit business of vending certain white powders of a deleterious nature.

A Turpin, a Raffles, a gentleman crook, let us say, would need all his finesse of suavity and daring were he to pit his wits, for example, against this combination of time and place and circumstance. Say in the appropriation of the Black Pearl, for instance.

But the clerk who followed the young man in dove-gray was not at all worried about the pearl, and then, in a second, a flash of time, he was not merely worried, he was wildly, incoherently agitated, voicing his panic in a shrill

"Stop him, some one! Hey, stop thief! Stop thief!"

For the young man's hand, holding a hun-

dred thousand dollars' worth of pearl, had closed with a snap, his air of languid indolence dissolving in dynamic action. A scant three paces from the door abruptly he hurled himself, like a catapult, like a gray thunderbolt, across the intervening space which, at the moment, offered a clear lane for his "getaway."

But he was not to escape so easily. Even as he hurled himself at the doorway the bulky figure of the store detective was interposed between him and his objective as if materialized out of the air.

But the young man did not hesitate. Like a whiplash, like a striking snake, his long, lean left fist curved in an abrupt arc upon the plain-clothesman's chin; there was a cracking thud, and the detective crumpled to the floor and the young man in gray had won to the sidewalk.

Panting a little from his exertion, he cannoned heavily into a seedy individual who cursed him loudly. This was the beggar upon whom but a scant ten minutes before he had bestowed largess. So wags the world.

Then, in full stride, he was pinioned violently from behind, a ham-like hand caught him about the neck, there was the clink of steel as the handcuffs were locked about his wrist.

Hands waved, faces scowled, voices threatened.

"He's an I. W. W." "He just robbed the Thirteenth National." "He shot old man Gutelius." And a thin voice from the edge of the crowd: "Shame; what's he done, ya big stiff?"

But the plain-clothesman who had made the arrest cursed them backward impartially, turning to his captive with a snarl:

"C'mon outa this now, an' come easy, 'f y' know wot's good f'r y'!"

Then the young man in dove-gray did a curious thing. Strangely enough, he had offered little if any resistance to the rough handling he had received. Now he began to laugh immoderately, mirthfully, as if at nothing in particular. And yet, from his point of view, there was little which might afford him cause for mirth.

His captor yanked at his gyved wrist savagely as the crowd hooted, behind them trailing a second officer in plain clothes, similarly shackled to the beggar, who was protesting volubly after the manner of his kind.

"Thought I better pick up his nibs here," the second detective was explaining. "He was makin' his getaway. Might be in cahoots with this bird in th' gray suit. He mighta slipped the old guy th' pearl at that, so I'm just pinchin' him on general principles."

The lieutenant in charge of the station looked up from the blotter as the two detectives entered with their prisoners. As the first of the plain-clothesmen came through the swing doors, pushing forward the young exquisite in dove-gray, the lieutenant leaned forward, looked, then stared again.

"Well—well! Gentleman Jim Fitzpatrick! Welcome to our fair city!" he exclaimed, a broad grin on his red, good-humored countenance. "Got th' deadwood on y' at last, have we? Well—well!"

The young man waved his free hand in a languid gesture. "You think so, lieutenant?" he drawled easily. "Oh—very well!"

A scowl darkened the desk man's visage. "You'll come clean, young fellow," he was beginning, but a word from one of the plain-clothesmen halted him in mid-speech with a low whistle.

"The—*the* Black Pearl, eh? Well, well, Clancy; good work, good work. An' you say he was under observation from start to finish; couldn't have chucked it away? Good; one of 'em must have it. It's dead open and shut."

To the lieutenant's further questioning Gentleman Jim preserved an unruffled silence. No, he would not hand over the pearl because he hadn't it. Where was it? He didn't know: he couldn't even guess. And so forth.

Two minutes later, as stark as on the day he had come into the world, the young man stood, shivering slightly, in the room to which he had been taken below stairs for examination. Near him, in like case, stood and shivered the lachrymose beggar. And the examination had been thorough.

"I'd like my clothes, please, if you don't mind," remarked the young man mildly. "I'll catch cold if I stand here this way much longer in your drafty old hotel."

"You'll catch somethin' else, young fellow, 'f y' ain't careful," growled the sergeant in

charge of the "frisking" process. "I'll say you will."

For the search, which had been microscopic, had failed to disclose the faintest trace of the pearl. Nor had the minutest scrutiny of the mendicant's ragged garments rewarded them in the slightest.

It was an *impassé* and a mystery. As the detective had stated, the young man had been under observation from the moment of his possession of the pearl up to the instant of his arrest. If he had thrown it away he would most certainly have been seen, and if he had passed it to his supposed confederate a search would have uncovered it.

He had been in plain sight from the moment of his entry into the jewelers' up to his dramatic exit, and he did not have the pearl. It was gone, vanished—as if by some unconscionable legerdemain it had been dropped into a fourth dimension ready to hand.

The genial grin on the lieutenant's face had been replaced by an expression of concentrated irritation as he scowled at the prisoners, once more clothed, and now brought before him for disposition.

There was nothing for it but to let them go; he knew that well enough, but he was equally certain that Fitzpatrick could tell him the present whereabouts of the jewel even if he had not secreted it somewhere about his person. But that, of course, was impossible.

As he glowered at the prisoners the lieutenant in his mind's eye reviewed the facts as he knew them, and admitted to himself that it was beyond him. But he hated to let them go.

He grunted, eyeing the prisoners malevolently, made an entry on the blotter, replaced the pen in the rack with the careful deliberation of a man who postpones the inevitable. Anyway, he told himself, they would have a much better chance of the pearl's recovery if the men in question were allowed their liberty. That was good police procedure. The crooks would lead them to the hiding-place of the loot, of course. And the rest would be easy, or comparatively so.

But the facts—the facts as he knew them. He shook his head.

"Well, Murphy," he said slowly to the officer in charge of the prisoners, "turn 'em loose; turn 'em loose. We'll have to, I guess."

A sudden spark, like a leaping flame, glowed and died in the eyes of the man called Gentleman Jim. He turned, waved a discreetly mocking farewell to the lieutenant, and, followed by the beggar, was moving off with his swift, silent jungle step. With his hand upon the door it opened almost in his face, to admit a physicist.

Now this physicist was a friend of the lieutenant, and when he was not riding his hobby, which embraced everything up to and including the fourth dimension, he drew a measurable stipend for teaching the young idea how to shoot the sun and—er—chutes and other less important matters. From which it may be inferred that he was a professor of mathematics, which he was.

"Wait a minute there, you!" called the lieutenant to the young man in dove-gray and his disreputable companion. A frosty gleam showed for a moment in his eye, and a something resembling the one gift that Pandora salvaged for a needy posterity. While there's life there's—you know what it is.

"Hullo, lieutenant!" greeted the professor with the privilege of friendship. "What's this I hear about black pearls and mysterious disappearances and all that?"

The lieutenant explained minutely and at some length.

"Hmm!" remarked the professor. "A pretty problem, but I should not say that it is unsolvable; no, I should not say that. A young man examines a black pearl; he has it in his hand up to and including his exit from a jewelry shop; he is supposed to have transferred it to a confederate; he did not otherwise dispose of it; a careful search discloses nothing."

He paused. The young man in dove-gray halted on the threshold of freedom, gazed at the physicist in a curious fascination; the beggar, carefully adjusting his battered headgear, cleared his throat nervously. A sudden atmosphere of tension, like an electric flood, enveloped the room.

The professor resumed:

"He didn't swallow it, that's certain, eh? He didn't throw it away; must have dropped it into the fourth dimension; then that's a horse of another color." His voice had risen slightly. "Color is an accident, isn't it? Must be

one of those invisible pearls; that's it; looks black to me; *take off your hat!*"

The words snapped out like bullets. He wheeled, and with a quick stride and a sudden, swooping movement had snatched the black derby from the beggar's head.

Like a conjurer at the culmination of his *coup de theatre*, he reached within and withdrew something, which he held up for all to see.

"Gentlemen—the pearl!" he announced.

The physicist was explaining. "It was really quite simple," he was saying, "but as a matter of fact I might not have thought of it had I not attended a baseball game yesterday—one of my rare dissipations. And I fear I was more interested in a curious yet perfectly explainable phenomenon which met my eye, or didn't during the progress of the game."

He smiled. "Well, there was a 'nigger in the woodpile,' as you say," he went on, "or, rather, a gentleman of color, or the absence of it, if you please, for black is the absence of all color, isn't it? Well, to be brief, I was compelled to accept a seat in the bleachers—I came late—and as I glanced in this—er—colored gentleman's direction for a moment all I could see of him was his *teeth*.

"He was sitting in the shadow and—you follow me—it is not so unusual as it sounds, and there is nothing so black as a black hat or a black pearl, and the combination, you see—just a matter of two and two—association of ideas and all that; here, I'll prove it to you!

"But wait," he went on, smiling in a way that puzzled the others. "The trick was well planned. For, you can see"—holding up the derby before the lieutenant's eyes—"or at least you can feel that there was something else in the hat beside the pearl, just a bit of glue dropped in probably a minute prior to the theft. Like a rolling pea, the pearl rolled, stopped—stuck. The rest was simple."

And he held up the hat, depositing within it the pearl.

Murmurs of surprise and admiration mingled.

The lieutenant leaned forward. "So that was the reason," he exclaimed, "why he looked so scared when he put on his hat! He was waiting to see whether the pearl had found the glue."

"And you knew, of course, when you saw his expression change," laughed the physicist.

"Not then, but I do now," said the officer. "I'll say that we're getting scientific——"

"And more discerning," qualified the physicist. "You'll not forget now that a black pearl in a black hat would fool even Sherlock Holmes."

"But not yours truly the next time," declared the lieutenant. "For if I don't see with me eyes I'm goin' to feel with me fingers. I'll take nothin' for granted."

"Sight unseen," concluded the physicist.

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JEWEL BOX THAT WILL SCARE THIEVES

AMONG the newest things that German inventors have sent us in the last few months is a box that comes as near to being burglar-proof as it is possible to imagine. It looks like an ordinary steel box with a keyhole in its side. But just lift it or move it and a loud alarm bell begins ringing for five hours and it cannot be stopped without unlocking the box.

A burglar might carry off the box, but its alarm would keep on ringing, and would give him away before he could get it to a place of safety. If he touches it, even stumbles against it, the alarm will arouse the household, for the slightest movement suffices to set it ringing. The same is true of the dishonest servant.

The owner can, however, open and close the box at will, as he has the key. And the only way in which he can be robbed is by some thief stealing the key before tampering with the box.

This safe is arranged inside with trays for small articles, money and jewelry, and with space under them for securities, such as bonds and mortgages. The whole is made of seamless steel, nickel-plated.

In Death Valley

"IN all the ghastly regions of desert that stretches from the Nasatch Mountains to the Sierra Nevada the most horrible spot is that known as Death Valley, in attempting to cross which, though it is only about fifteen miles broad, so many unfortunate people have lost their lives," said an officer of the Geological Survey.

"Having myself been across it, I am able to testify to its horrors. Imagine a narrow strip of arid plain shut in between two mighty walls of mountain, the peaks stretching up ten thousand feet into the burning sky. So precipitous are these rocky barriers that in a journey of fourteen miles you pass from an eminence of two miles above sea level to the plain 175 feet below the ocean tide mark. When I visited Death Valley a few years ago my party went through a pass on the west side, and stopped for the night at a spring about five thousand feet above the sea. The next morning we descended, our faces fanned by a cool breeze from the east. Before we got to the bottom that same breeze had become stifling hot. One thing worth mentioning as to the view in the valley was the grayish haze that commonly hangs over the landscape there, giving a misty look to the opposite mountain peaks and lending to everything a weird and mysterious aspect.

"One look at the landscape of Death Valley is enough to convince you of the appropriateness of the name. There is vegetation, it is true, but even it does not seem to be really and truly alive. It is mainly composed of cacti, which enjoy only a sort of sub-life in the plant way anyhow. Whatever else there is of a vegetable nature is extremely thorny and spiny, with leaves not green, but of the grayish hue of ashes. The ground is a dead level of cream-colored salt crust and black lava. Though the crust of salt is perhaps an inch in thickness, the hoofs of your horse break it at every step. And the heat? It is unspeakable and intolerable. There is a breeze, but such a breeze! Instead of being cool, it is scorching hot—so that it actually blisters your face. The sun, which pours its rays into the valley with never a cloud to interrupt them from one year's end to another, is blazing overhead, and the black lava, extraordinary for its power to absorb heat, gives it forth again to raise the temperature a few degrees higher. My thermometer inside my saddle-bag, when I crossed the valley, went up to 130 degrees and then burst.

"There is something unearthly about the whole appearance of things in the valley—the two ranges of gigantic peaks that hem it in between them looking like the backbones of a couple of monstrous beasts, and the gray haze rendering everything indistinct to the view. But it is the absence of water that is the supreme horror of this natural furnace. So intensely dry is the air—scientific observation has declared it much drier than that of the Sahara—that the moisture of the body evaporates with astonishing rapidity. This means that you have to drink more water—in fact, one needs two gallons a day instead of the three pints one ordinarily consumes, and still one is thirsty all the time.

"A suggestive feature of the Death Valley landscape is the color of the mountain rocks, which are actually sunburnt to an iron-brown hue. Chip off a little flake and you find the stone of its natural lighter hue underneath. Streams flow from the mountain springs down toward the valley, but never reach it because the heat dries them up on the way. Once in a long while there will be a great storm to the southward and a river a mile in width will flow into the valley. Does it flow out again at the other end? Not much. It is dried up and lost before it gets that far. In Death Valley everything dies. Here and there over its plain of black lava and salt are scattered the remains of parties which have attempted to cross it. Their bodies, men and animals, lie there dried and preserved as mummies for

ages to come. It was during the mining fever in that neighborhood, from 1872 to 1878, that most people were lost trying to pass over the Valley of Death, having no knowledge of the location of the springs. There are some springs at the south end of the valley which are deep pools, and in them certain kind of fish are found unknown elsewhere in the world. The naturalist with our expedition caught some of them and preserved them for classification.

"Seventy miles south of Death Valley is the so-called Devil's Playground—a horrible desert across which a wind like a furnace blast continually blows, the black lava and hot sand of its great plain radiating back the sun's heat so that the whole landscape is tremulous to the eye. Southeast of Death Valley 100 miles is 'Dead Mountain,' on the side of which my thermometer has registered 140 degrees in the shade. On the east side precipitous rocks are much broken up, and the sun shining on their white points and angles makes the mountain look from a distance as if whole conventions of ghosts were assembled upon it. The Indians believe, on this account, that the mountain is the abode of their dead warriors. Hence its name."

THE DIVER'S DANGERS

A DIVER risks his life every time he descends below the surface of the sea, for countless dangers beset him in his under-sea work.

One of the greatest risks he runs is the fouling of the air pipes. A French diver has recently lost his life in this way, though working at a depth of only 52 feet.

To prevent such fouling the diver must be very careful to note exactly where he wanders once he touches ground so that he can return the same way. If not, the lifeline may become entangled, and it is the hardest thing in the world to free it in the partial darkness.

For this reason sunken wrecks provide the biggest dangers. The diver must exercise caution when climbing about the holds or penetrating from cabin to cabin that air pipes and lifelines are quite free.

Another great danger is the pressure of the water. At a depth of 200 feet there is a pressure of 88 pounds to the square inch, and this increases proportionately. Should a diver feel himself getting dizzy he must signal to be hauled up at once, otherwise he may have a bad seizure owing to the blood running to his head.

It is generally thought that the diver's chief foe is the shark. This is not so, for a shark can be frightened off by the bubbles the diver makes when going down.

A much worse enemy is the rock cod. This creature, which attains a great size, hovers about the diver while he is working and seizes his chance to bite the man's hands at the wrists, just where the diving dress ends. And this fish is afraid of nothing.

The octopus is another terrible foe to be reckoned with, for his tentacles will strangle a diver once they get a hold. All divers are supplied with small axes to ward off the attacks of these creatures.

Rays and devilfish are also dangerous, but are not so bad to fight as the octopus, which adds to the danger of a combat by squirting a brown fluid about in the water and bewildering the diver.

Everything possible is done to insure the diver's safety. His dress is of one piece, made of tanned twill and rubber, with a large opening at the neck. The helmet, which screws tightly on the shoulders, is of copper, and the air is pumped into it through a canvas-covered rubber pipe. Outlet valves are fitted for the escape of bad air. This helmet weighs about 28 pounds and the two boots are an equivalent weight.

Training for the work is long and arduous, and the diver must be physically strong. He starts in four fathoms and gradually works on till he can dive safely in 120 feet. But a long time elapses before he can do this.

Though a risky life, it has its advantages. It is well paid and the diver has the knowledge of knowing he can work where other men cannot, and he is proud of this.

"TEN-SPOT" HELPS THE POLICE

BY

EARL NORTON

"WELL, I'll be hanged!"

Detective John Fry threw down the evening newspaper he had been reading, then picked it up again with a laugh.

"What's up?" demanded Bert Hollis, newest man on the headquarters squad, who had been busy across the table making out his daily report.

"'Ten-Spot' Williams is dead," explained Fry.

"Who's he?"

"What! You never heard of 'Ten-Spot'?"

"Never even heard the name that I know of."

"Well, 'Ten-Spot' was about the smoothest and the best-liked old crook in the country. There wasn't a detective in the city who didn't hate to send him up—he was such a game old sport. He wasn't one of your ordinary bums, not 'Ten-Spot.' He'd crack a safe—always some rich man or a bank where he wasn't hurting any poor man—but in ten days he'd be broke again. He'd see some woman or old man down on his luck and he'd hand out his money like water. Always broke, but always cheerful. He'd come in here and joke with the detectives; never seemed to hold any grudge against the man who sent him up. He'd say:

"'Well, boys, going out to-night to open a can.'

"And blamed if he wouldn't. But you could hardly ever catch him. Somebody's safe 'd be opened that night, but though you might feel sure 'Ten-Spot' had done it, you could never prove anything against him. He'd done three or four stretches in the penitentiary when I first knew him, and he was an old man then, but he never seemed to grow a day older, and that was twelve years ago. And now he's dead, old 'Ten-Spot'; the boys'll miss him; he was a good old scout. But I'll give the old boy credit; he slipped one over on me."

"How was that?" asked Hollis, interested.

Detective Fry tilted back his chair and placed his feet on the table.

"'Ten-Spot' had a daughter," he explained. "One of the prettiest and sweetest women you ever saw. She'd been raised in a convent, and though she knew how old 'Ten-Spot' lived, she was never that kind. The old man knew it and saw that she had the best of everything. She was straight as a die, clean, honest—the kind you'd like to marry yourself. I guess her mother'd been dead since she was a baby.

"Well, about the time the girl—her name was Mary—left the convent, she fell in love with a young fellow by the name of Burton Kingdon and married him. 'Ten-Spot' was

up in the big house at the time and didn't attend the wedding. But when he got out he went to see them, gave them his blessing and all that and left them. Said he had too bad a reputation and all that to be seen around them, and that he'd keep out of their sight. Gave them his address and told them if they ever needed him to let him know. I found out all this afterward.

"We didn't hear any more about 'Ten-Spot' for a couple of years. Then one morning a call came in that the Consolidated Steel Company had been robbed. They employed about eight hundred men then, and in those days they paid altogether in cash. It seemed they'd got $20,000 cash from the bank the afternoon before, as they paid off the first thing on Saturday morning. They'd put it in the safe Friday night, but when they opened up Saturday morning the money was gone.

" 'Red' Baldwin—he's a captain in the fifth precinct now—and I went down to look things over. When we got there we found that Burton Kingdon, old 'Ten-Spot's' son-in-law, was cashier and the only one who knew the combination to the safe. Well, that didn't mean anything in particular. So far as we knew he was perfectly straight and we couldn't hang anything on him just because he was married to 'Ten-Spot's' daughter.

"We spent a couple of days looking around. The assistant cashier had seen Kingdon do the money up in a package and put it in the safe and lock it. But when Kingdon opened it the next morning the money was gone and no trace of it could be found.

"We looked up the records of everybody in the office and couldn't find anything suspicious. Then we got to inquiring into Kingdon's doings for the past few months. We found out he'd been chasing around with another woman; been taking her out nights, giving her presents and all that.

"Then we went out to see his wife, but she didn't know anything about it. She was all upset and worried to death. We didn't tell her anything about the other woman; she was having a hard enough time as it was.

"In a couple of days we found the other woman and scared her into talking. Yes, she said, she'd been running around with Kingdon, and she finally confessed she and he had been planning on leaving town together. But we couldn't get her to say anything about Kingdon getting any extra money. I guess he'd had her buffaloed. She didn't know he was married, and I guess she was really in love with him. Funny how fellows like that'll get by.

"Well, we didn't have anything definite enough on Kingdon to convict him, but we had the manager of the Consolidated swear out a warrant for him, charging robbery, and we put him in jail so he couldn't skip town and get away from us.

"We held him about a week, but we couldn't dig up anything more against him. It looked as though he'd taken the money, but we couldn't prove it. We'd about decided to let him go and try something else when old 'Ten-Spot' drifted into headquarters, looking just as aged and cheerful as he ever did.

" 'Hello, boys,' he said. 'Hear you got that young son-in-law of mine locked up here. That right?'

"To see 'Ten-Spot' you'd take him for a missionary of some kind with his gentle eyes, his baggy umbrella dragging along at his side. He was a little, short fellow with long gray hair and a yellow straw hat curled up around the brim set straight on his head. His short, scraggly beard and his timid way of looking at you made him strangely pathetic. He looked pretty run down as though he hadn't been getting enough to eat lately.

"We told him yes, we had Kingdon locked up. He asked if he could have a talk with the young fellow.

"I looked at Baldwin and he passed me the wink, and I told 'Ten-Spot' it would be all right. We figured if Kingdon and 'Ten-Spot' had done the job together we'd find it out. So we took the old man into one of the other rooms we used for that purpose and left him alone. Baldwin and I hid ourselves in the next room, where we could see and hear everything that went on through a hole in the wall. Then we sent a man to take Kingdon in to 'Ten-Spot.'

"Pretty soon Kingdon came sauntering in, full of confidence. He shook hands with old 'Ten-Spot' and acted quite glad to see him.

" 'Burton, my boy,' says old 'Ten-Spot' soft and gentle like, 'if I'd known you were work-

ing there and that it was going to get you in all this trouble, I'd never have done it.'

"'Done what?' asked Kingdon, appearing puzzled.

"'Why, taken that money,' answered 'Ten-Spot.' Well, you could have knocked Baldwin and me over with a feather. Here we'd been figuring all the time Kingdon had taken the money and here was old 'Ten-Spot' saying he'd taken it. But we kept on listening.

"'It looked like such a soft snap,' went on the old man, 'that I couldn't resist it, but I never knew you was workin' there. You see, my boy, I ain't kept as good track of you an' Mary as I ought. An' then when I see in the paper you'd been arrested I couldn't stand to think of the poor girl. She'd had enough of this with me in the past, Mary had, without having to suffer her husband getting into the same kind of a mess. So I've come to tell you I'm going to give myself up. As it stands now, they'll convict you if I don't do it. I'm a pretty old man, anyway, an' a few more years in the big house'll not matter. It's about the only thing I can do for Mary.'

"Well, we couldn't see Kingdon's face, but he must have been thinking pretty hard. He didn't say anything for quite a while, then he laughed.

"'Yes, it looks bad for you, boy,' went on 'Ten-Spot,' 'so I'll just go out an' tell 'em I cracked the safe. These old fingers of mine ain't lost their cunning yet, an' the boodle's all soaked away till the time I get out, if I live that long. But understand me, boy, I wouldn't do this if it wasn't for Mary. She's got it coming to her; she's entitled to a chance to be happy, poor girl.'

"And then we heard Kingdon laugh again.

"'Well, that's mighty nice of you, old-timer,' he said. 'It's certainly a square thing of you. You're a good liar, but not good enough this time. I took the money all right, but don't you worry none about me. They haven't got a thing on me, except that I know the combination to the safe, and that doesn't prove anything. They'll have to let me go pretty soon. If I wasn't so sure they couldn't get anything on me I'd fake you up on your proposition. But I'll be out of here in a few days."

"That left us more puzzled than before. We couldn't figure 'Ten-Spot's' game. He'd evidently figured Kingdon was guilty and had said he, himself, had taken the money just to get the young fellow to talk. But 'Ten-Spot' wasn't through yet.

"'Well, you did a pretty smooth job of it, son,' we heard him chuckle. 'I couldn't do any better myself. How'd you work it, anyway?'

"That evidently pleased Kingdon.

"'Oh, it was easy,' he boasted. 'The other cashier was watching me wrap up the money. But when he wasn't looking I slipped a couple of bricks we used for paper-weights into the package, stuck the money in my pocket, and then I waited until he was looking again and put the package in the safe as though it was the money. I locked the safe, and when I opened it next morning I put the bricks back on the desk, and there they were—the money was gone. Pretty smooth, wasn't it?'

"'Yes, it sure was, boy,' the old man said. 'But wasn't you afraid they'd catch you with the money on you?'

"'Oh, no,' answered Kingdon; 'I went right home, and after supper told Mary I was going out in the back yard to smoke. I took the money and hid it among the rafters of the old barn a block down the street. Nobody'd ever think to look down there for it. They'll have to let me out of here in a few days, and then Mary and me'll leave town.'

"Well, with that old 'Ten-Spot' jumped up, walked over and hammered on the wall behind which we were listening.

"'Come on out, gentlemen,' he said. 'Oh, I know you're there.'

"That rather got our goat. Here he'd figured all the time we were there, and had been leading Kingdon on. Smooth old duffer. Well, we walked into the room, pretty embarrassed. But not half as much so as Kingdon. His face fell, and he saw he'd been trapped.

"'I was right,' said old 'Ten-Spot.' 'But if he'd been going to play square with my little girl I'd 'a' kept my mouth shut. Yes, he was going to leave town all right, but not with Mary.

"'Oh, I'm not afraid of you police. I've put in my time for everything you've got against

me. But this dirty skunk wasn't going to play square with my little girl.'

"The old man's eyes were blazing, and he pretty near foamed at the mouth.

"'He was just waiting,' he said, 'until this thing died down, when he was going to beat it with that other woman. I've been scouting around a little the last few days, and I had my suspicions. Well. I was right. It'll be hard on Mary, but it's better this way than the other. Take him away; he's a skunk; I wouldn't dirty my hands on him.'

"Well, we took Kingdon back to his cell. Old 'Ten-Spot' hung around a while and finally left. Kingdon got ten years, and he's still serving his term. The old man made his daughter get a divorce; guess she was willing to after she knew about the other woman. 'Ten-Spot' went to live with her, got a job as watchman and seemed to settle down."

"Did you get the money?" asked the younger detective.

"No," answered Fry, "that was the funny part. We never did get it. We went out there the next morning early and found the barn on fire. The old lady who owned it was running around, wringing her hands and cussing some small boys who'd been playing around there. When we got there it was a mass of ashes."

"Tough luck, wasn't it?" said Hollis.

"Not so tough as we thought it was. I guess old 'Ten-Spot' put it over on us that time. Here, read this, and you'll see what happened." He handed over a newspaper.

"'Ten-Spot's' will," read the news item, "which was filed to-day, leaves his entire estate, valued at $20,000, to his daughter, formerly Mrs. Burton Kingdon."

"Well, the old duffer," laughed Hollis. "And nobody ever suspected."

"Oh, she'll give it back to the company all right. She's that kind. But old 'Ten-Spot' would turn in his grave if he knew it. Nope, nobody had even a suspicion."

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COFFIN A PRIZED ARTICLE

A COFFIN is one of the principal articles of furniture in the home of Christian Straube, a native of Germany, who points with pride to his last habitat which he built with his own hands and according to his own ideas.

Straube occupies a small hut in the woods between Richland and Milmay, N. J. The shack contains one room and the furniture consists of a stove, a small table, a cot, a chair and the coffin.

This coffin is Straube's pride and joy, not on account of its intrinsic value nor its expensive material, for it is made of boards sawed from trees in the surrounding woods, but because of its completeness in many ways.

The grim box contains complete paraphernalia to safeguard the occupant from unnecessary suffering in case he is buried without being really dead.

In the cover, above the place where the man's nose will be, is a hole in which a pipe, ten feet in length, is set, which will extend above the surface of the earth, affording plenty of fresh air to the "corpse."

On top of the pipe is a large bell connected with a rope to be placed in the occupant's hand so he can ring for rescuers if he regains consciousness in the coffin.

Straube does not believe in embalmings, and has from his youth thought with fear and anguish of the possibility of being buried and coming to life under six feet of earth.

It was this fear that prompted him to build his own coffin provided with the necessary safeguards against such a calamity.

A fresh sandwich is made every two or three days, the last one made to be placed in his hand immediately after death.

So some time in the future one may hear a bell ring in May's Landing Cemetery, and they will know that it is Straube coming to life, breathing the cool air and eating his sandwich, waiting for some one to answer the bell and bring him to the surface and to the outside world.

The Mystery of Man and How to Solve It

By RUSSELL RAYMOND VOORHEES

PART VI.—NUMEROLOGY

TO numbers there has always been attached certain values apart from the purely numeric value that the number itself indicates. As far back as we can go in history we find people paying heed to numbers, and every reader can remember having run into the bugaboo of the number "13" at some time in his life. It seems that numbers have always possessed a certain mystery, and so it is not unusual that we find a science called Numerology, which claims to be able to indicate character by means of the numbers which are indicated by a person's name. Numerology is another of the sciences of the ancients the origin of which is lost in the mythology of the ancient past.

To attempt to prove that numerology is a sound science and possible may be somewhat harder than has been the task to prove that the other sciences of which I have written about are sound and true, but I believe it can be done.

Those who have studied physics know that much in life depends upon vibration. We see colors simply because the vibrations that the various colors give out strike the retina of the eye with a certain force. Each color and each shade of color has a different number of vibrations per second, and when the nerves of our eye are able to distinguish between these various vibrations we can be said to distinguish these colors.

We hear people talk because the ether around us conveys the vibrations set in motion by the action of their vocal cords to our ears. And we can distinguish between a high and low voice because of the difference in the speed of these vibrations. So we can go through life, and we will find that much that we look upon to-day as commonplace is the result of vibration.

Now if vibration is such an important part of life, and science proves that it is, it would not seem to be too far-fetched to believe that even numbers gave forth a vibration. And if this is true, then a collection of numbers would certainly give forth vibrations. That is precisely what the science of numerology teaches. Every name when translated into the numbers it represents gives forth certain vibrations, and these vibrations can be good or bad. In addition it claims to be able to interpret the meaning of names by means of the substitute numbers. Numerology considers the group of numbers in a name rather than the number of numbers, or the numbers themselves, without regard to their collective influence.

Numerologists use only the numbers from

1 to 9 because they claim that 0 is not a number, and that all other numbers are made up of these nine single numbers. From their point of view 22 is simply two 2's, and would be equal to a four. In the same way 19 is considered as a 1 and a 9, which is 10, but since 0 is considered as nothing, 19 would be considered as 1.

Numerologists apportion the alphabet as follows:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9

In that way the letters A, J and S represent the numeral 1; the letters B, K and T represent the numeral 2, and so on.

Numerology in delineating character from the name recognizes three forms of what is generally termed character. The first is ideality, which is what we really are; the second is impression, which is how we impress others, and the third is expression, or how we express ourselves.

In casting a name in numerology it is first necessary to write down the whole name, spelling out each name and *not* using initials, as some people do. By the use of the above table the proper numbers are substituted for each letter.

In order to find out the ideality of a person the numbers representing the various vowels in the name are added together and are reduced until they are represented by only one digit. For instance, if the vowels totaled 29, that should be reduced to 2 and 9, which added makes 11, which in turn should be reduced to 1 and 1, which makes 2. In that case 2 will represent the ideality of that person. Just as soon as I tell how to find out the impression and expression of a person's name I will give the meanings of the various vibrations.

To find out the impression of a name the numbers representing the various consonants in the name are added together and reduced as in the case of the vowels.

The expression of a name is found by adding the numbers representing both the vowels and consonants of a name. And the resulting number is, of course, reduced to a single digit, as was done in the case of the ideality and impression.

Now to get down to the meaning of the nine digits. Each digit has two meanings, a constructive meaning and a destructive meaning. In order to tell whether a person has developed himself constructively or destructively, it is necessary to compare the digits representing ideality and expression. If these two digits are the same number then it is assumed that the destruction delineation applies to that person. On the other hand, if the digit representing either ideality or expression is odd and the digit representing the other is even, then it is said that that person has developed the constructive side of his life.

The meanings attached to the various digits are as follows:

1. Constructive. Stands for Individualization. Such people think for themselves, and while they may ask advice they always balance it themselves and use it only when they feel it is worth while.

1. Destructive. Stands for Dominance. Such people appear to be always trying to dominate everybody else by suggesting their actions, speech and, in fact, everything. They are very egotistical and self-assertive.

2. Constructive. Stands for Diplomacy. Such people give advice, but in a way that the other person does not know it. They wait for some good opportunity, and then their apparent intrusion is never noticed.

2. Destructive. Stands for Indifference. Such people have very little individuality and do not seem to be alive to the value of friendship. They love to destroy for the fun that it holds to them.

3. Constructive. Stands for Ambition. Such people like to have friends and like to entertain them. They are always seeking to forge ahead, but in a way that is not distasteful to any one. They never push themselves in where they are not wanted.

3. Destructive. Stands for Intolerance. Such people are selfish, and will go to any extreme to gain their own ends. They have their own opinions about everything, and broadmindedness does not seem to be a virtue known to them.

4. Constructive. Stands for Steadfastness.

Such people have a developed intellect that stamps them indelibly. They like to work and to study. They are honest and are the sort of people that succeed.

4. Destructive. Stands for Discontent. Such people are always complaining about their work, their friends and in fact about everything. They never believe anything except what they see, and sometimes they do not see.

5. Constructive. Stands for New Life. Such people look to the larger things of life, such as inspirational work, inventive activity and frequently travel a great deal. They have high ideals and try to live up to them rather than to live down to a low set of ideals.

5. Destructive. Stands for Indulgence. Such people are noted for their indulgence of sex and self and all that pertains to self, such as appetites of all sorts. They postpone doing things, which is generally the way of such people.

6. Constructive. Stands for Reliability. Such people can always be depended upon to give full value. They are great lovers of home and friends and seem to radiate cheer and happiness wherever they go.

6. Destructive. Stands for Anxiety. Such people seem to push themselves in wherever they see an opportunity, whether they are wanted or not. They are a sort of all-around trouble maker.

7. Constructive. Stands for Placidity. Such people are quiet and are lovers of study. They like to be away from the maddening crowd where they can work in peace and quietness.

7. Destructive. Stands for Turbulence. Such people are so individualized that others find it extremely hard to live with them. Broadmindedness does not seem to be a part of their makeup.

8. Constructive. Stands for Justice. Such people are generally leaders in business where they deal with others. They are largely governed by their intellect, which with a sound judgment and an even temper enables them to handle men with marked success.

8. Destructive. Stands for Injustice. Such people are also found in business, but they are the tyrants. They succeed, but only by means of the club and through bluffs. Those under such people obey them, but hate them while doing it.

9. Constructive. Stands for Love. Such people are examples of the brotherhood of man. White or black, a man is a man to such people. They are often found in the work of relief that is continually being done all over the world. These people give their life to the service of others.

9. Destructive. Stands for Desire. Such people are highly classed and look with contempt on those of a lower social order. Self plays the most important part with those people. Others come after if they come at all.

But Numerology goes farther than that. It can tell us what sort of work we are fitted for. In order to find this the digit representing the ideality of a person is found, and then the proper sort of work can be discovered by referring to the following table:

1. Creative—Mental work.
2. Constructive—Mental and physical work.
3. Expressive—Inspirational work.
4. Technical—Mental or physical work.
5. Scientific—Inspirational work.
6. Educational—Mental work.
7. Theoretical—Inspirational work.
8. Commercial—Mental work.
9. Artistic—Inspirational work.

More than this, however, can be found out about the lifework of a person by means of the science of numerology. To obtain this further information the path of life must first be found. To do this the month, day and year of birth is set down. Then the number of the month is substituted for the month, for instance January 1, February 2 and so on. This digit is added to the various digits that go to make up the day and the year, and the resulting number is resolved into a single digit, as in the case of the names. In doing this addition a day like the 25th is treated as a 2 and a 5, and a year such as 1893 is treated as a 1, an 8, a 9 and a 3.

The resulting digit is known as the path of life. Having found that number, it is possible to find out how a person should work and where by referring to the proper section in the following numeric interpretations:

1. Should work alone and try to appeal to

individuals rather than to masses of people. Work of a pioneer nature is suited to such people. Work that develops individuality should be sought. They should endeavor to appeal to people with a creative mentality.

2. Should work in association with others and endeavor to appeal to the masses rather than to individuals. Should try to work among people with a slightly less developed individuality, but nevertheless with the finer side of materialistic things.

3. Should work alone, making the appeal to individuals rather than to masses of people. The work should be of a more personal nature, giving vent to personal expression. Should endeavor to work among people of social, inspirational and artistic tastes.

4. Should work in association with others rather than alone and endeavor to appeal to collections of people rather than to individuals. Work of a constructive nature should be sought.

5. Should work alone appealing to individuals rather than to masses. Work should be among scientific, resourceful and inventive people.

6. Should work with others rather than alone and should endeavor to make the appeal to collections of people rather than to individuals. Work of a useful nature among a domestic people will be best.

7. Should work alone rather than in association with others and endeavor to appeal to individuals instead of to the masses. Work of a theoretical nature, which requires study and reflection, will be best suited to these people.

8. Can work alone or in association with others. Work should appeal to individuals as well as to the masses. Should work among people with commercial and intellectual instincts, the goal being material perfection.

9. Can work either alone or in association with others. Appeal can be made either to individuals or to collections of people, but they should be of the artistic, emotional and inspirational type which gives them a complete expression of themselves.

But there is still more that numerology can teach us about the work we are best fitted to do. I have already told what the digit of expression is and how to find it and also what it tells us about our character. We can use this same digit of expression and apply it to another table and find out the work we are best fitted to do. It will not be necessary to go through the details of how to find the digit of expression again, so I will skip that and tell what kind of work the various digits indicate. The nine classes of work are as follows:

1. Creative work. Inventors.
2. Constructive work. Politicians.
3. Personal expression. Critic.
4. Material constructive work. Builder.
5. Scientific work. Experimenter.
6. Educational work. Teacher.
7. Theoretical work. Minister.
8. Commercial work. Manager.
9. Universal expressive work. Musician.

It is understood, of course, that there are other kinds of work that each class or type of person can do, but I have given only one example here to show what sort of work it is. The reader with one example will be able to see whether he is in a similar kind of work and can use his own judgment as to the results.

It might be well before I close this article on numerology to give the general characteristics for each of the digits as these general characteristics throws additional light on the character of people whose ideality, impression or expression digit has been found. In giving these characteristics it will be noticed that there are no constructive and destructive elements, they being simply general characteristics, which apply to all people with the same digit.

These general characteristics are as follows:

1. Stands for Creation. Such people are examples of personal creative work, highly individualized, self-assertive, self-reliant and reasonable.

2. Stands for Collection. Such people are generally mixers, collecting friends and experiences. They are not creative, but are more of the reflective type of person.

3. Stands for Personal Expression. Such people are critical, love self-expression and adornment, enjoy art and are keen observers. They are ambitious, sociable and entertaining.

4. Stands for Materiality. Such people lack the inspiration that others seem to have, but, on the other hand, they have a love of home

and a sense of patriotism that is very evident. They are not social beings, but are rather the successful wage earners, hard workers and very practical.

5. Stands for Life Experience. Such people have a rather mysterious mind and love to do research work, especially in the realm of the occult. They are scientific and very versatile.

6. Stands for Cosmic Adjustment. Such people seek to make the home and their surroundings harmonious. They look upon marriage as a sacred institution, and when they do not marry they show their love for readjusting work by helping others or by working among dumb animals.

7. Stands for Subjective Rearrangement. Such people like to be alone so that they can study, reflect and think. They enjoy the full measure of nature's beauties and the expression of the finer elements of human life.

8. Stands for Material Perfection. Such people are the material people of the world. They understand and love commercial pursuits and things of a material nature. They are the directors and organizers of the business world.

9. Stands for Complete Expression. Such people seek absolute self-expression and are therefore to be found among the radicals of the world. The artist, whether he be on the stage or in the studio, is also to be found here. Such people follow art for art's sake and not for the reward.

And so that is numerology. It is claimed by those who have tested it that the results it produces tally with the results of all of the other sciences. What do you think about it?

My next article will be about Graphology, or the science of reading character by means of the handwriting.

NATIVES DRUG THEMSELVES WITH DAGGA

IT is not only among war-wearied people in big cities that drug-taking is prevalent. The natives of South Africa cultivate—surreptitiously, because there is a huge fine if the authorities find them out—a herb called dagga.

Dagga in Africa is what opium is to China. It is smoked—but smoked in a strange way.

He scoops a hole out of the hard ground three or four inches deep by three inches wide. A foot or so away from this he scoops another hole, and he then bores a small channel underground from one to the other. There is thus a free air passage connecting the two little excavations.

He places some dried dagga leaves in the first hole, lights it, and covers it over with moist clay. He pierces this clay with a sharpened piece of wood to allow a draught to go through.

Into the other hole he inserts a small hollow reed—this is the pipe stem—squeezes moist clay around it, and on his knees begins his smoke.

A cup of water is at his side, and after each "draw" he cleverly lets a mouthful of water in without letting any smoke escape. Then, in some marvelous manner, he ejects the water in a long thin stream and the smoke slowly follows. Bending low over the reed and sitting back on his heels, this is repeated time and time again.

His eyes stream with tears and soon get very bloodshot and swollen. He becomes excited; he feels elated, buoyed up in some wonderful way.

He begins to talk and the occupants of his kraal hear great tales, tales of daring deeds of his youth—told with much demonstration and wild enthusiasm. Tales of his early fights—tales of battles and of victories—always victories. Tales of great horsemanship—and wonderful journeys—of old forests and young love.

But the influence of the dagga dies out. The native's eyes are screwed up small, his head aches, his limbs and face become inert, and in a short while he is just a huddled mass of heavy sleep. His joy in life has lasted just about an hour and in the dim dawn he awakens feeling a fearful "wreck." But he believes in "a hair of the dog that bit him" and so—another pipe before work.

Current News

CYCLING IN FRANCE

Cycling, which is practically a dead art in the United States, as far as use of the wheel for "recreation purposes" is concerned, is more popular than ever in France. With 5,308,129 bicycles in commission, there is a wheel to every ninth man, woman and child in France. In 1920 there were only 2,272,324.

DIGS WORMS BY ELECTRICITY

When Joe Siegfried, aged eleven, of Kennewick, Wash., starts his electric tickler from three to fourteen big worms wriggle out of the surface between the electrodes, praying to get into the bait can. All Joe has to do is to pick them up.

The boy drives two iron stakes into the ground about two feet apart, says Popular Science, and connects them with the terminals of a hand magneto. As soon as he turns a crank the earth between the stakes is charged with electricity, and the angleworms make a quick move from that vicinity.

AT OWN FUNERAL

Realizing after a talk with his physician that he could never recover his strength and that his death was only a matter of a short time, R. A. Childers, an aged Lee County farmer, residing near Prypse, Ky., was seized with a desire to take an active part in his own funeral.

His relatives, friends and neighbors were summoned, the Rev. James Warner, a local minister, sent for and the invalid, propped up in bed, listened to the funeral sermon containing a eulogy of him pronounced by the clergyman.

The end came a few days afterward and he was buried in the family cemetery near by, his body being followed to the grave by those who had witnessed the strange funeral.

CLAM YIELDS $2,000 PEARL

Mrs. Randolph Walder, wife of a retired Brooklyn business man, reported to the management of the Traymore Hotel, Atlantic City, N. J., that she had found in a dish of steamed clams at dinner a pearl worth $2,000.

Mrs. Walder first thought that she had dislodged a tooth, but a closer inspection showed that the foreign substance was a pearl which was appraised to-day as worth $2,000.

ROCKS FALL FROM SKY

Showers of rocks that fell "from the clouds" on a warehouse at Chico, Cal., have baffled the police, neighbors and various official and unofficial investigators.

Recently J. R. Charge, owner of the warehouse, posted the offer of a reward of $200 to the person revealing the source of the rocks.

While the town marshal and a committee of newspaper men and others were examining the corrugated iron roof recently a shower of large smooth rocks fell, sending the investigators scurrying for cover.

Others standing on the street at the time declared the rocks seemed to come straight from the clouds.

THIRTY-THREE FEET OF RAIN

Seasons near the equator are not marked by changes in temperature, but by the amount of rainfall. Generally speaking, the year is divided into wet and dry seasons, known respectively as invierno (winter) and verano (summer), though there is much variation as regards the time and duration of these seasons, particularly in mountainous regions. There are also areas where it rarely, if ever, rains, and others still where rain falls practically every day in the year. In the Pacific coast region of Colombia the wet season is continuous, and there is a recorded rainfall at San Jose of 400.88 inches, a little more than thirty-three feet.

NOVEL OF 100,000 WORDS WILL GO IN VEST POCKET

A novel of 100,000 words will fit into your vest pocket when Rear Admiral Gradley A. Fiske perfects his new Fiske reading machine, designed to reduce volumes of print to tabloid.

The Admiral, who devised the Fiske range finder, an engine for controlling vessels by radio and other marine contraptions, describes his reading machine—perhaps the greatest of all his boons for sailors—as a narrow strip of aluminum ridden by a small magnifying glass. Ribbons of paper, printed with letters reduced by means of photo-engraving to a space one one-hundredth the size of the original letters, slide under the lens and before the eye. One can carry a full novel of 100,000 words in five of these little paper ribbon rolls.

BLUE CATERPILLARS

Dr. John H. Gerould, professor of zoology at Dartmouth College, N. H., has reported to the American Association for the Advancement of Science the discovery of the first blue caterpillar known to biology, it has been learned.

Dr. Gerould was breeding butterflies in his laboratory in Hanover, when one day he found the blue stranger. Ordinarily caterpillars, feeding on plants, are green.

The next day more blue visitors appeared. Breeding them, Dr. Gerould found they bred true and he decided that they were what is known to biologists as a "sport." In this case the "sport" was caused by a mutation in the digestive system, which resulted in cells absorbing only the blue in the chorophyll of the plants.

PITCHER PLANT AS A LAIR

An interesting story is told of the spiders which dwell in the flower of the pitcher plant of India and Australia. This flower is an insect trap. Around its upper edge it is brilliantly colored and sweet with honey. Lower down the walls are waxy and so smooth that no insect can gain a hold upon them. The bottom of the pitcher is filled with a liquid containing several acids which possess the power of digesting organic matter.

The luckless insects which fall into this liquid are gradually absorbed by the plant. But while most insects carefully avoid this death trap, a particular species of spider chooses it as a dwelling place. By spinning a little web like a carpet over a part of the waxy interior of the pitcher it is enabled to stay there in safety.

These spiders have apparently chosen their singular home just because of its dangers. In such a place they are protected against their enemies. If alarmed the spider drops into the liquid at the bottom of the plant and remains there until its enemy has disappeared, escaping afterward probably by means of a silken cable which it had spun as it fell.

A short submergence in the digestive fluid is not injurious to the spider.

TWO SPIRIT PRODUCERS FINED $50

Two of the four prisoners arrested early the other day when Detectives Andrew McLaughlin, Rose Taylor and Helen Thomas of the West Sixty-eighth street station made a raid on an alleged spiritualistic seance in West Seventy-second street, were found guilty of conducting a public nuisance when arraigned in Night Court before Magistrate Simpson. They were Pierre Keeler of Lillydale, N. Y., and Frank Teatus of 129 West Seventy-second street, who were each fined $50. Miss Gladys Holly of 327 Quincy street, Brooklyn, charged with disorderly conduct, was discharged, and the case of Reginald Hafe of New Rochelle, charged with interfering with an officer, was postponed.

The detectives told the court that about ninety men and women were in the room where the seance was being conducted, and that the spirits that came at the beck of Keeler and Hafe played banjos and other musical instruments and then pitched them at the audience.

The usual curtained cabinet was used; although the detectives failed to find any one behind it when they pushed through the curtains, they said that in the back yard they found footprints which could not have been made by a ghost.

Teatus said that he and his colleagues belonged to the Circle Sign Church, which has been meeting for the last year in a Park avenue hotel.

SWALLOWS HIS TEETH

Robert S. Pugh of Bloomsburgh, Pa., is carrying his false teeth in a very unusual place. In fact, he is carrying them in his inside.

Pugh's wife was away from home, and when she came back Pugh missed his teeth, or she noticed they were missing. They instituted a search and even tore apart beds, but the teeth were nowhere to be found.

Pugh got to thinking, and finally came to the conclusion he must have been "wearing" them when he went to bed and swallowed them in his sleep. Then he felt a pain in his intestines. A physician was consulted and an X-ray photograph was made.

The photograph revealed the set of teeth in the lower intestines. While they are causing Pugh some annoyance, he is not confined to his home, but is able to be around as usual. Meanwhile a local dentist is hurrying work on a new set.

DEATH FLOWERS

By the Mexican marigolds are known as death flowers from an exceedingly appropriate legend that they sprang up on the ground stained by the life blood of those who fell victims to the love of gold and cruelty of the early Spanish settlers. Among the Virginian tribes, too, red clover was supposed to have sprung from and to be colored by the blood of the red man slain in battle with the white invaders. In a similar manner the red poppies which followed the plowing of the field of Waterloo were killed and wounded in that famous battle. According to tradition, the Danish invasion is the cause of the daneweed, a coarse, asteraceous plant common in England, as it sprang from the blood of Danes slain in battle, and if cut on a certain day in the year it bleeds. The dwarf elder, for the same reason, is called danewort and danewood.

KNEW HE WAS TO DIE

Two months ago John Reid, eighty-seven years of age, a farmer of Waterbury, Conn., deeded his valuable farm and all his earthly possessions to the Friars of the Union, whose priory is in Garrison, N. Y.

Reid retained only enough money to keep him for six months. "By that time I will be dead," he said. Reid entered St. Mary's Hospital after making his will and died there. Members of the religious order arrived later in the day from Garrison to take charge of the funeral.

Reid, who was the youngest of a family of twelve, was the son of the first Irish settlers of Waterbury. He amassed a small fortune in the farming business, turning over property valued at $56,000 to the Friars.

For years he and his brother Maurice, who died recently, occupied different parts of the same house with no other companions, but neither had spoken to the other for twenty-one years. The silence was not even broken when Maurice died in the old homesetad.

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "MYSTERY MAGAZINE," published semi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1921. State of New York, County of New York:—Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Luis Senarens, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the "MYSTERY MAGAZINE," and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher—Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York City. Editor—Luis Senarens, 166 West 23d Street, New York City. Managing Editor—None. Business Manager —None.

2. That the owners are: Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York City; Harry E. Wolff, 166 West 23d Street, New York City; M. N. Wolff, 166 West 23d Street, New York City; J. F. Desbecker, 166 West 23d Street, New York City; R. W. Desbecker, 166 West 23d Street, New York City; C. W. Hastings, 166 West 23d Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and condition under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

LUIS SENARENS, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1922.—Seymour W. Steiner. (My Commission expires March 30, 1922.)

Mystery Magazine

The feature stories already published in this magazine are worth reading. The following are the titles of the novelettes contained in the numbers already printed.

1 "The Eel Man," by Robert Carlton Brown.
2 "Zitana of Maison Rouge," by F. W. Doughty.
3 "The Mysterious Web," by Armstrong Perry.
4 "Under the Hypnotic Spell," by Dr. H. Enton.
5 "The Silken Sheath," by Crittenden Marriott.
6 "A Fortune Teller's Secret," by Gladys Hall.
7 "The Mystic Emblem," by Marie Coolidge Rask.
8 "The Cards of Fate," by William Goode.
9 "Mr. Bachellor's Apartments," by W. H. Osborne.
10 "The Inner Wheel," by Octavius Roy Cohen.
11 "The Voice of the Valley," by Robt. C. Brown.
12 "The Sign of the Seven Sharks," by Chas. F. Oursler.
13. "Under a Mask," by Crittenden Marriott.
14 "Case 4,444," by Gladys Hall.
15 "After a Million," by Police Captain Howard.
16 "Shadowing the Blue Triangle," by Chas. F. Oursler.
17 "The Case of Captain Fortesque," by Redfield Ingalls.
18 "The Bird-Headed Sphinx," by Edith S. Tupper.
19 "The Double Mystery," by Dr. Harry Enton.
20 "The Magician Detective," by C. F. Oursler.
21 "King Cobra Mystery," by George Gilbert.
22 "The Haunted Corridors," by Wm. H. Osborne.
23 "No Man's Man," by Maxwell Smith.
24 "The Trevor Puzzle," by T. C. Harbaugh.
25 "The Trail of Roses," by Edmund Condon.
26 "The Hindoo Vanishing Clue," by Pauline C. Bouve.
27 "Who Was Guilty?" by Beulah Poynter.
28 "The Evil Eye," by Chas. F. Oursler.
29. "The Thirteenth Door," by Edith Sessions Tupper.
30 "The Game of Detective Carew," by L. Jerome.
31 "Law-maker and Law-breaker," by Beulah Poynter.
32 "The Counterfeit Heiress," by Inspector J. Harrigan.
33 "Tracked to China," by Chief Roger O'Brien.
34 "After the German Spies," by May Halsey Miller.
35 "The Clue in the Box," by Alexander Douglas.
36 "Trained by a French Detective," by Rene Renaud.
37 "A Drop of Ink," by Lieutenant Robt. W. Warden.
38 "The Ten Doctors," by Allan Arnold Fox.
39 "The Stain on Page 61," by Chas. T. Jordan.
40 "A Masked Mystery," by Police Sergeant Kelly.
41 "The Black Soul," by Beulah Poynter.
42 "The Sanctuary," by William Hamilton Osborne.
43 "The Mystery of the Seven Shadows," by C. F. Oursler.
44 "The Sign on the Dragon," by C. Martin Eddy, Jr.
45 "The Magic of Detective Woo Fang," by Frank F. Whitfield.
46 "The Decoy," by William Hamilton Osborne.
47 "The House With 30 Steps," by Ralph D. Porter.
48 "When the Clock Struck 13," by Dr. Harry Enton.
49 "A Piece of Blotting Paper," by Dorothy Weber.
50 "The $200,000 Mystery," by Ethel Rosemon.
51 "The Case of Dr. Brice," by Mary R. P. Hatch.
52 "The Phantom Motor," by Laura Reid Montgomery.
53 "The Blackjack," by William Hamilton Osborne.
54 "The Whispering Head," by Chas. F. Oursler.
55 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by B. Poynter.
56 "The Secret of the Sealed Book," by Ethel Rosemon.
57 "The Clue of Steel," by Willis Lathrop.
58 "Alias Louis Vardon," by William H. Osborne.
59 "Mystery of the Old-Time Club," by C. Bingold.
60 "Caught With the Evidence," by Ethel Rosemon.
61 "A Little Gold Spider," by Cecil Burleigh.
62 "The Velvet Touch," by Julian Darrow.
63 "The Clue of the Red Lamp," by Chas. F. Oursler.
64 "The Scheme of Solomon Snare," by W. H. Osborne.
65 "Quicker Than the Eye," by Ralph Cummins.
66 "The Clue of the Dark Room," by Hamilton Craigie.
67 "The Tongue of Osiris," by Marc Edmund Jones.
68 "Detective Wade's Big Case," by Ethel Rosemon.
69 "The Spirit Bell," by Chas. Fulton Oursler.
70 "The House Behind the Wall," by Julian Darrow.
71 "The Admiral's Spoons," by Wm. H. Osborne.
72 "The Canine Clue," by Thos. J. Lally.
73 "The Psychic Enemy," by Arthur Wm. Andreen.
74 "The Wonder Girl," by Ralph Cummins.
75 "On the Wrong Trail," by Ethel Rosemon.
76 "The Spirit Witness," by Chas. Fulton Oursler.
77 "On the Wrong Trail," by Ethel Rosemon.
78 "The Stolen Year," by Edmund Elliot.
79 "The Affair at Hollywood House," by Wm. Kofoed.
80 "A Keyless Mystery," by Hamilton Craigie.
81 "Professor Satan," by Charles Fulton Oursler.
82 "Who Killed McNally?" by Beulah Poynter.
83 "The Clue of the Whorl," by Katherine Stagg.
84 "The 'Czar' and the Ring," by Edmund Elliot.
85 "A Clue of Flame," by Jack Bechdolt.
86 "The Face in the Crowd," by Marc Edmund Jones.
87 "The Man in Room No. 7," by Chas. F. Oursler.
88 "Four Ten-Dollar Bills," by Henry G. Howland.
89. "A Challenge to Power," by Dr. Harry Enton.
90 "The House Next-Door," by Police Captain Howard.
91 "The Trance Detective," by Chas. Fulton Oursler.
92 "Friday at Twelve," by Katherine Stagg.
93 "By the Left Hand," by Hamilton Craigie.
94 "The Melody of Death," by Jack Bechdolt.
95 "The Trick of the Great Yen How," by William Hamilton Osborne.
96 "At Moriarity's," by Fred S. Shuey.
97 "The Last Star of the Films," by Jack Bechdolt.
98 "Counterfeit Clues," by Chas. F. Oursler.
99 "The Cross," by W. S. Ingram.
100 "A Secret Service Mystery," by Hamilton Craigie and Elliot Balestier.
101 "A Crimson Price," by Elliott Lester.
102 "The Inspector's Strange Case," by Gottlieb Jacobs.
103 "A Museum Mystery," by Jack Bechdolt.
104 "The Little Red Book," by J. Alexander Young.
105 "A Man from Siam," by Chas. Fulton Oursler.
106 "The Clue of the Emerald Ring," by Beulah Poynter.
107 "Hell's Hinges," by Hamilton Craigie.

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How the "Inner Mysteries" Reveals Startling Facts Overlooked By Doctors and Scientists For Centuries

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago," writes J. B. Ashelman. "Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures,' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now, as if by magic, I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints by taking treatments supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every new-born babe; and that without it we could not live.

These statements may seem strange to some folks, who have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble.

NOTE: If any reader of the "Mystery Magazine" wishes the book that reveals these facts regarding the true cause and cure of rheumatism, facts that were overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, No. 1324-A Street, Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Cut out this notice lest you forget! If not a sufferer yourself hand this good news to some afflicted friend.

FOES OF ENGLISH SPARROWS

The Pacific Coast seagull conducts an eternal warfare against the English sparrow, and because of it keeps wharves and docks free of the noise and litter so predominant around sparrows' households.

Observers declare some older gulls act as sentinels, and when a sparrow alights on a wharf roof several immediately chase it away.

On one occasion recently a lone sparrow flew seaward followed by half a dozen gulls, who kept the tiny bird so hotly pursued it fell into the water exhausted.

Wharf operators in Seattle are grateful to the gulls for this bit of police work, as English sparrows once inhabiting the rafters and overhead work inside the docks would produce an amazing amount of litter to fall into freight and express shipments. A large amount of grain is wasted every day on docks, which would attract and feed myriads of sparrows but for the watchful eye of the seagulls.

It is believed the gulls show the antagonistic spirit toward the smaller birds because they fear competition in the salvaging from the sea of their daily food.

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- ☐ ARCHITECT
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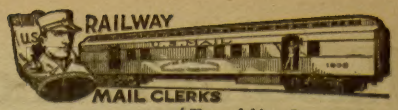

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Saponite is composed largely of magnesium, aluminum and silicate, a combination known to have great cleaning qualities.

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